THE

# LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

*ENTERTAINING COMPANION*

FOR

# THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

## SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

## FOR MARCH, 1811.

CONTENTS.


The Resurrection—a German Anecdote, page 99
Sketches of Irish Character, 103
Defence of Women, 106
The Mother and the Tutor, 108
Treatment of a Wife, 110
The Dutch Patriots, 111
Jealousy, 114
Picture of Hamburg, 117
Ellen—a Fragment, 119
Sappho—an historic Romance, 120
Notices of Elfi Bey, the Bichàre Arabs, and the Interior of Africa, 121
Remarkable Dream, 125
Cheap Cosmetic, 126
Memoirs of Montalbert, 126
Remarkable Instance of Revivescence and Longevity, 129
Palæphatus, continued—Story of Niobè—Europa—Lynceus, 130
The Racing Pig, 130
The other World—an Anecdote, 131
Anecdotes and Remains of Voltaire, 131
The Parliament-House—an Anecdote, 132
London Fashions, 132
Bouts-rimés, 133
POETRY.—On the Death of the Princess Amelia, 133
On hearing the Midnight Bells at Christmas, 133
Completions of Bouts-rimés, 134
C. Henery to Mary, 135
Suspended Friendship, 135
To a Lady, on seeing her blush, 135
Seven Sisters, 135
Picture of Wallace at Falkirk, 136
The Toads, 136
Le Valet bien avisé, 136
Foreign Affairs, 137
Domestic Occurrences, 140
Births, 143
Marriages—Deaths, 144


*This Number is embellished with the following Plates:*


1. The RESURRECTION.
2. LONDON FASHIONABLE MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS and a VEIL.



LONDON:

*Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;*

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

## NOTICES.

"*What might be.*"—Has the ingenious authoress, at any time lately, written us a *private* letter?—If so, it has unfortunately been lost; and our present ignorance of its contents leaves us under an aukward uncertainty, from which an explanation on her part can alone relieve us.—We request to be favored with a line *as soon* as convenient.

"*Orthodoxus*" has honoured us with a second declamation against *heretics* and *schismatics*—and "*Quietus*" with a sensible, well-written piece in favor of *religious toleration*: but we must decline such discussions—being determined (as we have already announced in page 80 of our last number) to keep our Magazine wholly free from party questions, especially in *religion and politics*.

To a *young* lady we recommend to reconsider her letter, especially as she signs *her name*. Is she not, in some passages, too severe? Besides, we should wish her to extend her views beyond *a single branch*, and to dwell more minutely on the particular *advantages*. Her second thoughts, we doubt not, will be highly creditable to her.

*G. W.'s second* poem shall be inserted, if he will amend the *tenth* line, by striking out the concluding idea, which we wholly disapprove. —His stanzas cannot be inserted, without considerable amendments.

The "*Poetic Adieu*" contains several passages that are faulty in grammar, metre, or rhime. We cannot insert it in its present state.

The "*Hymn by an Orphan*" has not sufficient merit to recommend it for publication.

The *Bouts-rimés* of a "*Norfolk Friend*" we cannot insert.

"*Mary's*" three stanzas are too defective for publication.

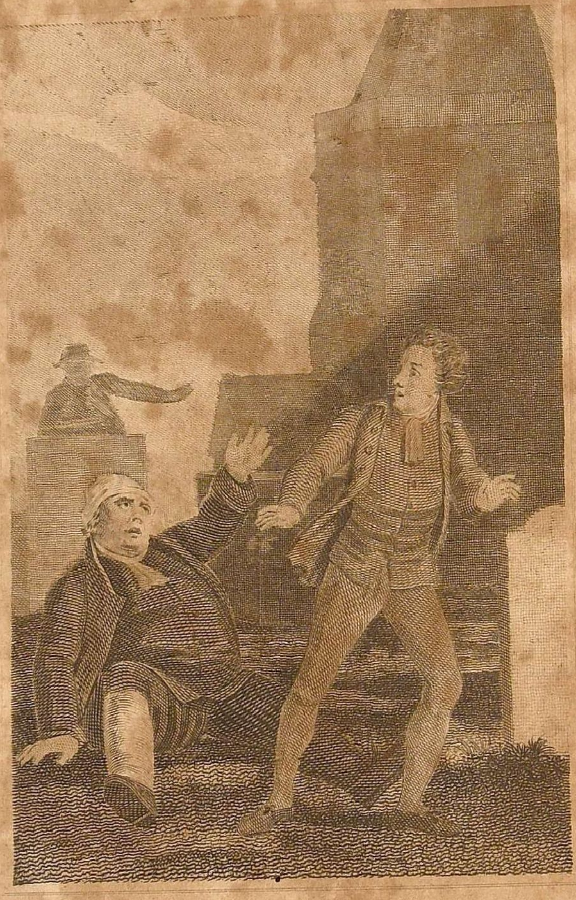
*T. W.'s* lines are too incorrect to meet the public eye.

The two packets of "*Sappho*" are received; and the accompanying hint shall meet with due attention.

"*Jane*"'s communication is just come to hand.

96 B 1

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Resurrection.

THE

# LADY'S MAGAZINE,

## For MARCH, 1811.

### *The* Resurrection;—*a German Anecdote.*

*[With an illustrative Engraving.]*

In a retired part of Westphalia, lived an old woman, named Gertrude, who sold apples, nuts, and gingerbread, and who, by the inhabitants of her own and the neighbouring villages, was strongly suspected of being a witch, only because she was very old and decrepit, and withall very poor.

In entertaining this idea, they certainly proved themselves to be neither witches nor conjurors: for, if they had but possessed a few grains of common sense, a moment's reflexion would have shown them the absurdity of considering any poor decrepit old woman as a witch; because, if she were gifted with supernatural powers, and aided either by the angels of light or the angels of darkness, she could easily discover hidden treasures—whole mines of gold—and thus raise herself from abject poverty to more than royal wealth: she could also restore herself (as Medea is fabled to have restored the aged Æson) from wrinkled decrepitude to youthful bloom and vigor:—in short, she could perform ten thousand wonderful things, which no reputed sorceress was ever yet found able to accomplish. But the good folk never made these reflexions: and, if any better-informed person had attempted, by argument, to convince them of their folly, he would probably have lost his labor; so deeply rooted were those superstitious notions which had been transmitted from generation to generation, and sucked in with their mothers' milk.

At length the time approached, which was to release poor Gertrude from the troubles and vexations of a wicked world; and, as she drew near to her end, she requested that a bag of nuts, which she had yet remaining of her little stock in trade, might be buried in the same grave with her. Strange as this request appeared to her neighbours, they thought it prudent to comply with her wish, lest she should haunt them after death, and perhaps strangle every individual who had tasted of the devoted nuts.

Gertrude and her nuts were accordingly buried together, and the earth well beaten down over the grave, to keep her from stirring. But this precaution was not effectual to secure the peace of the neighbourhood: for, scarcely had Night spread her sable mantle o'er the earth, when Wilhelm, an aged inhabitant of the village, happening to pass near the burial-ground, distinctly saw and heard old Gertrude sitting at the head of her own grave, cracking her nuts! So, at least, Wilhelm thought; and so his neighbours believed, upon his solemn asseveration; though we will venture to predict, that not one of our fair readers—not even the youngest, and least experienced—will, for a single moment, believe that he either saw or heard her, or

that poor Gertrude's inanimate *body* had any power to rise from the grave. As to her *soul*, in whatever region it had taken up its abode after death, there it was likely to remain:—if in a place of punishment, it was there a prisoner, and unable to escape from its confinement:—if in the mansions of bliss, it would feel no temptation to quit them for the pleasure of cracking nuts by night in a church-yard, and terrifying her former neighbours.

"But the Almighty" (it may be said) "might permit or even command her soul to re-animate its former body."—True: he *might* do it, no doubt: but the Almighty, unlike to the foolish sons of men, never does any thing in vain—never any thing without a wise and beneficent intention: and *what* possible advantage can we conceive from his permitting the apparition of a spirit in an obscure village, only to frighten a few ignorant peasants?—None!—If, indeed, those rumored ghosts were to exhibit themselves in open day, in courts of justice, in legislative assemblies, in the councils of kings—to warn nations of their impending fate, and point out to them the means of averting the threatened blow—we should be blamable in refusing to credit the accounts of their appearance: but, so long as they shun the observation of sensible, well-informed people who would be capable of distinguishing between a disembodied spirit and a living impostor, and are only said to have appeared to stupid, illiterate, credulous rustics, or to persons who, in point of knowledge and intellect, do not rise above the level of such rustics—and without producing, by their appearance, the smallest benefit to mankind—every person of common sense and reflexion will instantly pronounce any story of such apparition to be an undoubted falsehood, fabricated either by credulous ignorance or designing knavery.

But, however that may be, certain it is that Wilhelm's story of the apparition—which was rapidly and extensively circulated through the vicinity, with many terrific additions and improvements—so alarmed all the neighbouring peasantry, that not even the boldest man among them would venture near the burial-ground after dark, and many were afraid to pass through it even in open day-light, after a dreadful discovery which had been made on the very next morning after her burial. On that memorable morning, which will never be forgotten in the village, behold! a quantity of nut-shells were found scattered near her grave—the shells of "*exactly such*" nuts as had been buried with her! and those shells were pointed out to the quaking spectators, as convincing proofs that "Gertrude, the wicked old hag, had actually risen to crack her nuts!"

Historic truth, however, requires that poor Gertrude be acquitted of all agency or concern in that affair of the nut-shells, which were scattered about her grave by means quite natural, and not at all calculated to excite any alarm in the minds of the peasantry, if they had only been acquainted with the circumstance.—A soldier, returning to his regiment on the expiration of his furlough, had arrived in the village on the preceding evening, and, after having rested and refreshed himself, strolled into the burial-ground, to see what rustic epitaphs it might contain. There, close by the recent grave

of Gertrude, a painted inscription on a wooden monument particularly attracted his notice, and for a while fixed him to the spot; where, as he stood endeavouring to decipher the latter part of the epitaph, which was nearly effaced by time, he amused himself with eating some nuts which he had brought in his pocket, and of which he accidentally scattered the shells about Gertrude's grave. The soldier, whose visit to the cemetery had not been observed by any of the neighbours, had quitted the village to pursue his march, before the nut-shells were discovered: and, as there was nobody in the vicinity who could now account for their being there, the villagers unanimously concluded, that none but Gertrude could possibly have cracked the nuts to which those shells had belonged.

Thus passed three tedious days, and three more tedious nights of universal terror, when there arrived in the village two itinerant merchants or pedlars — by name Hermann and Conrad — who carried their commodities for sale about the country in a covered cart. Scarcely had they lodged their horse in a stable, and sat down to refresh themselves, when they were made acquainted with all the dreadful circumstances of the apparition, and of the nuts and the nut-shells.

Those pedlars were not such simpletons as the peasants: —like the generality of their itinerant brethren, they were sharp, shrewd, intelligent men: they had seen much of the world, had heard the observations of better-informed persons, had thus acquired a certain portion of knowledge in the course of their peregrinations — and, in short, were much too wise to believe any silly tales of ghosts or hobgoblins. While they listened, however, an idea struck one of them, which, at the first pause in the conversation, he communicated in a whisper to his partner, who instantly approved the suggestion, and agreed to take a part in the execution of the proposed plan.

Pursuant to their pre-concerted scheme, they waited till deep night had closed the villagers' eyes in sleep, and then, descending from their lodging in the hay-loft, took their way to the burial-ground, to which they needed no guide, as they had passed close by it on their entering the village, had noticed the fresh grave, and could not miss the road.

As they approached the ground, "'Tis a pity," says Hermann to Conrad, "that two men should lose time in doing the work of one. Suppose, that, while one of us is employed at the old woman's grave, the other should go and kill one of those fine fat wethers that we saw this evening in the fold beyond the church-yard? We can easily conceal the carcase in our cart, while the clowns here are all fast asleep; and it will be a valuable booty."

Conrad, as little scrupulous as his partner, applauded the proposal; and it was settled between them that Hermann should go and steal the sheep, while the other part of their adventure was to be achieved by Conrad, who was then to wait for his companion at Gertrude's grave, which was close by the road-side. Hermann accordingly marched forward on his expedition against the sheep-fold; and Conrad, meanwhile, so industriously exerted himself with a spade or shovel which he had brought with him from the stable, that he soon un-earthed old Gertrude's treasure, closed up the

grave again, and, to fill up the vacant time during his companion's absence, determined to treat himself to some of the nuts.

While he there stood cracking and eating them, it so happened, that a servant belonging to the rector of the parish was on his return from a market-town some miles distant, whither he had been sent to procure a medicine for his master's gout. This man, who was full as superstitious and timorous as any of the villagers, would willingly have chosen to lengthen his journey by a circuitous route, to avoid the dreadful necessity of passing near Gertrude's grave: but the recent fall of a bridge on the other road had put that out of his power, and compelled him, however reluctant, to take his way by the church-yard.

The night was dark: and, just at the moment when he was nearest to Gertrude's grave, Conrad happened to crack an uncommonly large and hard nut, which made a loud crash, that reached the ears of the servant, whose fears were already on the alert. Startled by the sound, he looked through the gloom, and, catching an imperfect glimpse of the pedlar, whose figure he could not distinctly discern in the obscurity of the night, he concluded that it was Gertrude herself in person! Alarmed at the terrific idea, he clapped spurs to his horse, and fled at full speed from the dangerous scene—fancying, each moment, that he heard the footsteps of Gertrude at his heels, and even the rattling of the nuts in her bag.

On his arrival at home, his wild, haggard looks, and his hair bristling on end, naturally induced his master to inquire into the cause of his terror. The man assuring him that he had seen Gertrude risen from her grave, and actually heard her cracking her nuts, the rector laughed at him for his foolish credulity, and endeavoured to reason him out of it: but it was to no purpose; the servant still obstinately maintaining that he had clearly seen and heard her. At length the rector said, "Were it not for my gout, I would this instant go with you to the grave, and convince you on the spot, that it is only some stray horse or cow that you have mistaken for Gertrude's ghost."

The servant shook his head in token of unbelief, but added, "Sir, if you really are disposed to go, your gout needs not prevent you: for, as your Reverence can talk Latin to old Gertrude, and lay her quiet in the Red Sea, I almost think I might venture to carry you to her on my back:—she will hardly dare to do me any mischief, while under your Reverence's protection—though still, I own, my blood runs cold at the very idea of even seeing her again."

The clergyman having encouraged him, it was finally agreed that they should together sally forth on the adventure, in the manner proposed. The master accordingly mounted on the man's back, and they set forward toward the grave; while the other servants gave them both up as lost men—taking for granted that Gertrude would infallibly devour them alive, or, at least, strangle them, or tear them to pieces.

The rector had taken in his hand a lantern, to light them on their way: but, before they had reached the entrance of the burial-ground, he accidentally dropped it, and the candle was extinguished; a circumstance, however, which was of no material consequence, as they had a smooth,

straight, gravel path before them, and could not possibly miss the road. They therefore proceeded without a light: and, as they nearly approached Gertrude's grave, they were descried by Conrad, who was anxiously watching for the return of his companion. In the darkness of the night, on seeing a man move towards him with a burden on his back, he naturally supposed that it was Hermann coming with the stolen sheep; whereupon he asked, "Is he fat, Hermann? is he fat?"—The servant—whose name also happened to be Hermann—on hearing this abrupt interrogatory from Gertrude's grave, immediately concluded that she intended to eat his master for her supper; and, being alarmed lest she should devour himself too, he instantly flung his burden from his shoulders, exclaiming, "Fat or lean, there you may take him! but, for the love of God, spare *me*, who never wished to meddle with you!" and, so saying, he fled from the ground with breathless speed, leaving his master to parley with Gertrude's ghost, and make the best terms he could with her.

Thus taken by surprise, the rector, though far from believing in apparitions, was yet so confused by the suddenness and novelty of this strange adventure, that, without waiting for a moment's reflexion, he felt himself irresistibly urged by an un-accountable impulse to follow his servant's example. With eager efforts, he hastily raised himself from the ground, and, forgetting his gout, ran homeward with such un-embarrassed agility, that he reached the house almost as soon as the affrighted Hermann.

## *Sketches of* IRISH CHARACTER.

*(Concluded from page 59.)*

AN attachment to and a respect for females is another marked characteristic of the Irish peasant. The wife partakes of all her husband's vicissitudes, and accompanies him on all his occasions:—they are almost inseparable. She watches over him in his dissipation: she shares his labor and his miseries, with constancy and with affection. At all the sports and meetings of the Irish peasantry, the women are always of the company: they have a great influence; and, in his smoky cottage, the Irish peasant, surrounded by his family, seems to forget all his privations. The natural cheerfulness of his disposition banishes reflexion; and he experiences a simple happiness, which even the highest ranks of society might justly envy.

The miscellaneous qualities of the Irish character are marked and various*:—peculiarly polite—passionately fond of noise and merriment—superstitious—bigot-

* It is worth remarking, how little change has taken place in the Irish character during the last two hundred and fifty years. J. Good, an ecclesiastic, who resided at Limerick in the year 1566, gives the following character of the Irish of that day, which, in almost every material point, remains the true character of the nation at the present moment. "In general, this people are robust, and remarkably nimble—of bold and haughty spirit—sharp-witted, lively, warlike, prodigal of life—patient of want, heat, and cold—of amorous complexion—hospitable to strangers—constant in their attachments—implacable in their resentments—credulous, greedy of glory, impatient of reproach and injury.—They think it the highest wealth to live without work, and the greatest happiness to enjoy liberty."

ed—they are always in extremes; and, as Giraldus Cambrensis described them in the twelfth century, so they still continue—"If an Irishman be a good man, there is no better: if he be a bad man, there is no worse."

In his person, the Irish peasant is strong, active, hardy, and extremely swift. The finest men in Ireland are the descendents of the Spaniards, who, after so many centuries, are still distinguishable by their fine oval countenances, their large black eyes, their noble mien, and manly features:—the descendents of the Danes are red-haired and hard-featured, but remarkably hardy, though less active:—the offspring of the Scots are very similar, though in many respects inferior, to their kindred race in Scotland;—and those descended from the English settlers are the least remarkable of any Irishmen for any singularity of person or of character.

Possessed of these qualities, and suffering under these humiliating depressions, the Irish peasant, in 1780, was found uncultivated, ignorant, and wretched, but gifted, capable, and generous; and it was reserved for that celebrated period to introduce to the notice of Europe that calumniated people, and develop to general view those qualities, which, in other times, would probably have been either entirely overlooked, or certainly under-rated.

These were the intellectual qualities, which capricious nature had distributed, in varied and unequal proportions, among the inhabitants of this extraordinary island. Their fertile dispositions, adapted to the cultivation of almost every passion, produced individual characters of the greatest variety, diversified by the gradations of rank, and influenced by the extent of their education.

The middle class of gentry, interspersed throughout the country parts of the kingdom, possessed as much of the peasant character as accorded with more liberal minds and superior society. With less necessity for exertion than the peasant, and an equal inclination for the indulgence of indolence, their habits were altogether devoid of industry, and adverse to reflexion:—the morning chase and evening conviviality composed the diary of their lives, cherished the thoughtlessness of their nature, and banished the cares and solicitudes of foresight. They uniformly lived beyond their means, and aspired beyond their resources: pecuniary embarrassment only gave a new zest to the dissipation which created it; and the gentry of Ireland at this period had more troubles and fewer cares than any gentry in the universe.

These habits, however, while they contracted the distance between the lower and the superior order, had also the effect of promoting their mutual good-will and attachment to each other. The peasant looked up to and admired, in the country gentleman, those propensities which he himself possessed:—actuated by a native sympathy of disposition, he loved old customs: he liked to follow the track and example of his forefathers, and adhered to the fortunes of some ancient family, with a zealous sincerity; and, in every matter of party or of faction, he obeyed the orders of his landlord, and even anticipated his wishes, with cheerfulness and humility.

Thus the Irish country gentle-

man, without either the ties of blood or the weight of feudal authority, found himself surrounded by followers and adherents ever ready to adopt his cause, and risk their lives for his purposes, with as warm devotion as those of the Scottish laird or the highland chieftain; and this disposition, cultivated by family pride on the one side, and confirmed by immemorial habit on the other, greatly promoted the formation, the progress, and the zeal, of those armed associations which soon afterward covered the face of the country, and for a moment placed the name of Ireland on the very highest pinnacle of affective patriotism.

It was the fashion of those days to cast upon the Irish gentry an imputation—which though they by no means generally deserved, yet it would be uncandid not to admit that there was some partial ground for the observation—that they showed a disposition to decide petty differences by the sword, and too fastidious a construction of what they termed the "point of honor." This practice certainly continued to prevail in many parts of Ireland, where time and general intercourse had not yet succeeded in extinguishing altogether the romantic but honorable spirit of Milesian chivalry: and, when we reflect on the natural warlike disposition of the Irish people—that indigenous impetuosity and love of battle which so eminently distinguished their aboriginal character—it is not surprising that hasty and unnecessary encounters should occasionally occur among a people perpetually actuated by the pride of ancestry and the theories of honor. But, even in these contests, the Irish gentleman forgave his adversary with as much readiness as he fought him: he respected the courage which aimed at his own life; and the strongest friendships were sometimes formed, and frequently regenerated, on the field of battle. It is natural to suppose that this practice should have been noticed, and perhaps exaggerated, by the English people, whose long enjoyment of police and of industry had endowed them with less punctilious and much more discreet propensities.

The cowardly crime of suicide, however, which prevailed and prevails so extensively throughout England, was almost unknown among the Irish gentry. Circumstances, which would plunge an Englishman into a state of mortal despondency, would only rouse the energies of an Irishman to bound over his misfortunes:—under every pressure, in every station and in every climate, a lightness of heart and openness of disposition distinguishes him from the inhabitants of every other country.

A circumstance, not unfrequently injurious to the concerns of Ireland, was that influence which the imposing condescensions of superior rank, and the flattering professions of power and of interest, occasionally acquired over the natural independence of the Irish gentry. This partial imbecillity of mind was but too well ascertained, and often too successfully practised upon, for the political purposes of artful governments; and, on that interesting occasion, when every weapon, which the ingenuity of

man could invent, was used to impose the Union on a reluctant people, it will be seen that Ireland lost the active exertions of many a zealous friend, through the insidious blandishments of a noble visitor.

But this paralysing weakness was far from being universal: numerous instances will occur in the course of this memoir, where the public and individual spirit and integrity of the Irish gentry were tried to their full extent, and proved to be invincible: the reader will see exhibited frequent examples of patriotism, too precious to be forgotten, and which it would be ungrateful to the individual, and an injustice to the country, not to distinguish and commemorate.

On the whole of their characters, the Irish gentry, though far from being faultless, had many noble qualities:—generous, hospitable, friendly, brave—but careless, prodigal, and indiscreet—they possessed the materials of distinguished, [illegible] with the propensities of obscure ones, and, by their openness and sincerity, too frequently became the dupes of artifice, and the victims of dissimulation.

Among the highest orders of the Irish people, the distinguishing features of national character had been long wearing away, and becoming less prominent and remarkable. The manners of the nobility, in almost every European country, verge to one common centre: by the similarity of their education and society, they acquire similar habits; and a constant intercourse with courts clothes their address and language, as it does their persons, in one peculiar garb—disguising the strong points, and concealing the native traits, of their original characters.

## Defence *of* Women.

*(Continued from page 85.)*

[*Our next continuation of this piece will be accompanied with an elegant engraving, illustrative of a memorable scene, highly interesting to the fair sex.*]

### CHAP. XV.

Father Malebranche strikes out into another road, and denies the parity of understanding in the two sexes, on account of the greater *softness* and *flexibility* of fibres in the female brain. I know not whether what he asserts of this greater softness be true or not. Two anatomical works I have read, which do not say a word of it. Perhaps he accredited the greater humidity of the brain in women, and supposed that a greater degree of softness must result from it: but this does not necessarily follow:—the liver is humid, and is not soft; and quicksilver is soft, but is not humid. Perhaps, from the greater softness and docility of the female disposition, it may be thought that their whole material composition is more supple: some men may be superficial enough to form their ideas upon such an analogy; and afterwards, for want of reflexion, this supposition is adopted by the most intelligent.

However, for the sake of argument, I will admit it. But, what connexion has the greater softness of the brain with the imperfection of the reasoning powers?—I should rather imagine, that, since from this cause the brain will yield more readily to the impression of

the spirits, it will be an instrument or organ more fitted for the operations of the mind. This argument is even supported by Malebranche's doctrine, because he says in another part that the traces which are impressed on the brain by the animal spirits, are the outlines from which the imaginative faculty forms to itself the images of objects; and, therefore, the more numerous and distinct these impressions are, the more clearly and effectually will the understanding ascertain the objects themselves. "Cum igitur imaginatio consistat in solâ virtute, quâ mens sibi imagines objectorum efformare potest, eas imprimendo (ut ita loquar) fibris cerebri, certe quo vestigia spirituum animalium (quæ sunt veluti imaginum illarum lineamenta) erunt distinctiora et grandiora, eo fortius et distinctius mens objecta illa imaginabitur." *(Lib. 2, de Inquirenda Veritate, part. 1. cap. 1.)*

Now it is clear, that, from the brain being softer, and its fibres more flexible, it will be better fitted to receive distinct and ample impressions from the spirits. They will be more ample, because the matter offers less resistance; and more distinct, because, when the tone of the fibres is somewhat rigid, they make an effort, in consequence of their elasticity, to regain their original position, and thus in some degree obliterate the track in which the spirits had flowed. Thus, if the fibres in the female brain be more flexible than in ours, it follows that the images formed on their brain will be larger and more distinct, and consequently that they will have clearer perceptions than we obtain.

Yet let it not be imagined from what I have said, that I attribute more understanding to women than to men: I only wish to refute Father Malebranche, when he pretends that his doctrine establishes the advantage on our side. To my mind, with these philosophical arguments every thing might be proved, but nothing is proved. Every one has his own mode of philosophising; and, if I were writing to bestow incense, to gratify caprice, or to display my own ingenuity, it would be easy to draw such inferences from received principles, as would raise the female intellect many steps above ours. My intention, however, is, not meanly to flatter, but honestly to avow my own sentiments; and therefore I assert that neither Father Malebranche nor any other writer has yet ascertained the exact method, or specific process, by which the organs of the head administer to the faculties of the mind. We know not yet how it is that fire destroys, or what snow is formed; though they [illegible] operations of nature which are palpable to our sight and touch; and yet Malebranche and the other Cartesians would persuade us, that they have registered what passes in the most secret recesses of the thinking soul!

Those maxims which reduce every thing to mechanism, and represent the spirits imprinting material images on the brain, as the graver traces them on copper, do not appear to me well founded. I am also aware of the difficulties which mingle with Aristotle's system of metaphysics: but this only proves that both the one and the other, while they endeavour to explore the vast temple of nature, advance

no further than to the lowest steps of the threshold. We all go on blindfold; and the blindest of all is he who thinks he sees most clearly, as it happened to Seneca's *Harpacta*, who, being deprived of sight, was infatuated enough to believe she possessed it.

It is certain that those who are the most satisfied with their own penetration, are the most liable to error; because he who walks with the greatest confidence where there is little light, is most in danger of falling; while, on the contrary, he is most exempt from that hazard, who is aware of the darkness of his road, and proceeds with greater caution.

According to the doctrine of Father Malebranche, we might imagine both that women understand better than men, and that they do not underst[illegible]d so well. The first is deduced f[illegible]m the passage which I before [illegible]oted; and the second follows fro[illegible] his further explanation, in whic[illegible] [illegible]e supposes that the vivid ima[illegible]ations which result from [illegible]ese more powerful images, are inimical to the just intelligence of any subject: "Cum enim tenuiora objecta ingentes in delicatis cerebri fibris excitent motus, in mente protinus etiam excitant sensationes ita vividas, ut iis tota occupetur." *(Lib. 2, part. 2, cap. 1.)*

But this second explanation is contrary to all reason, because the largeness of the images does not prevent the accurate representation of the objects, even when these latter are diminutive: on the contrary, we discern atoms more accurately, when magnified by a microscope. And the vivacity of the imagination, when it is not exalted to madness, contributes greatly to the perspicacity of the understanding.

But, in reality, from this greater softness of the brain, it does not follow that the understanding of women is either greater or less than ours; because it cannot thence be proved, that the impressions of the spirits are greater; which is the supposition upon which both inferences are grounded. The impetus of the spirits may possibly be proportioned to the ductility of the matter on which they act; and therefore, in women, they may not effect a deeper impression than that which is produced by more impetuous spirits on a brain of greater resistance. In the same manner, by tempering the force of the hand, we may trace lines upon wax with the graver, which shall be equally fine with those which are delineated, by the exertion of greater strength, upon lead. And, from all this system of craniology, it may be inferred that the corporeal impulses are less vigorous in women than in men; since the nerves which take their origin in the fibres of the brain and in the medullar substance, are weaker, or impressible by feebler impulses: but nothing can hence be learned which affords a proof that their mental powers are more or less perfect than ours.

*(To be continued.)*

## *The* MOTHER *and the* TUTOR.

*(Concluded, from page 79.)*

SIR George and his lady appeared to coincide in my sentiments, and before I took leave they had resolved on committing their son to the care of Mr. Spencer, with all the requisite privileges that could assist his education. In my

drive home, my reflexions fully established the remark used in the preceding part of this chapter.—What, but want of *order* had produced the lamentable deficiencies of George Aston? Want of health in infancy may and does frequently retard learning, but the earliest scene of convalescence should be seised by the watchful parent, to make a good impression; however slow the progress, the seed should be sown, and the culture attended to with the nicest care. The intellects of children vary: one shoots out luxuriantly, almost spontaneously; another produces rare and superior fruit, by slow and progressive care; while a third starts prematurely into society, bearing, even with its blossoms, the rankling weed: of how much consequence, then, is an early attention to order, a uniform regard to the time present! Yet even with some, who have imagined themselves actuated by this essential principle, there are many instances of vanity. I have heard children go through their regular business with all the order that had been suggested by their teachers, and have heard them exact some promised indulgence, when, in fact, their exertions have been of a sort to claim no such distinctions. To repeat a number of lessons, in a slovenly way, is to disgrace the understanding that it has pleased heaven to bestow upon you; to hurry through those prayers which are appointed for your morning and evening devotion, is not what has been asked of you. I know that some of you will find excuses "you are sleepy" or, "the night is cold," "you have sat up later than usual." Why did you so?—You reply, you just wanted to finish some trifle, with which you were engaged.—Why not leave the trifle till tomorrow, and use the hour permitted to you in that service, which it is ungrateful to delay?

How frequently do these little subterfuges occur, and how often have I heard children entreat half an hour longer for their *amusement* in the 'drawing-room, who have, by their imperfect devotional exercises, convinced me that they deserved no indulgence of the sort.—We do not expect from children, either that reflexion or forethought which experience alone can establish: but habits of order, may and should be inculcated, even in infancy. Order originates in duty to those who have charge of us. Delay is consequently a stranger to that child who is reared on this most amiable and virtuous principle.

In eve[illegible] important situation of our live[illegible] the comfort derived from a j[illegible]t disposition, or division, of [illegible]r time, is clearly demonstrate[illegible]; and, in all the lesser objects tha[illegible]ge the attention, as applied to pleasure or convenience, its advantages are equally obvious.—Of George Aston, it would be ungenerous to say much; from misaken indulgence, and irresolute plans, his parents have brought him through the plastic season of infancy, un-impressed with the value of this peace-making quality; for my own part, I feel assured, that education might comm[illegible]nce, even from the cradle. The disposition and temper might be in a state of improvement while intellect was dormant; for, as a learned and truly amiable writer has observed, "The mind is originally an unsown field, prepared it may be for the reception of any crop; but, if those to

whom the culture of it belongs, neglect to fill it with good grain, it will speedily and spontaneously be covered with weeds."

*For the Lady's Magazine.*

## TREATMENT *of a* WIFE.

IN the choice of a companion for life, no one will be hardy enough to deny that great circumspection, and a proper knowledge of the disposition of each party by the other, is absolutely necessary. Yet how often do we find this unattended to, in the most material concern of life! Hasty matches are formed; and subsequent misery is but too often the result of them. But I am wandering from the intended subject of my trifling essay—the *treatment of a wife.* This, it strikes me, should, in every case, be mild, and, in most cases, affectionate.—If a man has unfortunately united himself with a female the reverse of every thing he had hoped to find—even if her temper is so sour as to render her a perfect *Xantippe**—still he should ever remember that he is *a man*, and, as such, should never degrade himself by unmanly language to her—much less, sink himself below the level of a brute, by striking the woman he has sworn to protect.

Many years ago, I well knew a female, whose fortune was good, whose expectations were still better, and who had been brought up with every attention both as to useful and polite accomplishments. Her fund of learning was sufficient to render her a fit companion for a man of sense, while her knowledge of housewifery rendered her capable of advantageously conducting a family.

I had many opportunities of seeing her in trying situations, as to temper; and I am positive she had by no means a bad one: on the contrary, I am persuaded that most men would have been happy in such a wife. She had reached the age of woman; and as yet no gentleman had seriously paid his addresses to her. Many had fluttered around her; but their gaudy plumes pleased her not.

At length, by the management of an old villain, who was deeply interested in the affair, a young man of tolerable appearance, and of pretended good family, was introduced to her; and, in a *very short time*—long before she could judge of his disposition—by some means or other, she was induced to marry him.—It is an unpleasant theme; and I will not enlarge on it. In a few short months—ere half a year had passed over this young female's devoted head—her unworthy partner, that disgrace to human nature, had made away with all the ready money she brought him, which was very considerable—had proved faithless to his marriage-vow; and—to complete the black catalogue of his foul misdeeds—because his already too much injured wife would not assign over to him a little remaining property which she possessed, he beat her to an aggravated excess, and at length would have murdered her with a knife that lay in his way, but for the timely intervention of some person—a servant, I believe, who prevented the perpetration of the intended crime.

The result of all this was, that the wife of that scoundrel was obliged to return to her friends; and the wretch himself, after

* This termagant's name (like that of the river *Xanthus*) ought properly to be written with the aspirate—*Xanthippe.* EDIT.

plunging deeply into debt, enlisted for a soldier, and eventually perished in a distant land.

So many years have elapsed since this happened, that I may possibly have misrelated some trivial parts of the story: but the prominent facts I cannot forget; and, as the two persons to whom it relates are now both at rest, there can be no harm in telling to the world a tale, which I humbly hope may be the means of saving many females from a gulf of *so much horror*, by awaking them to a sense of danger, and by inspiring them with a degree of prudent caution, in which they are too often deficient. M. L.

---

## *The* Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

*(A free Translation, or Paraphrase, from the French of Mons. Bitaubé, Member of the National Institute.)*

*[Of this history—for it is not romance, but real history, only embellished with poetic ornament—the proprietors of the Lady's Magazine published, a few years since, (under a different title) a very limited edition, of which the greater part fell a sacrifice to an accidental occurrence, not here material to be detailed.—The book being now out of print, and the aspect of the times not being propitious to its republication in the usual mode, we have, at the request of several respectable subscribers, determined to reprint it in our miscellany. And, that our fair readers may beforehand form a just idea of what they have to expect, we deem it proper, in the first instance, to present them with the author's preface, and an extract from that of the translator.]*

### *Author's Preface.*

The foundation of the republic of the United Provinces is one of the most memorable events which occur in history. On the one part we behold Philip the Second, a monarch formidable by his strength and policy, supported by armies and generals trained in the school of Charles the Fifth, and famous by the splendor of their victories: on the other, we see Holland and Zealand, two provinces of a barren and un-extensive country, supporting at first, by their unassisted efforts, the whole burden of the war, and triumphing over their opponents. When, in the sequel, the other five provinces took a share in their dangers, the Dutch successively combated three illustrious generals, displayed the same perseverance under the pressure of the greatest calamities, and gave permanency to the advantages acquired by their former successes: and, while the republic, yet in her infancy, was still engaged in that arduous contest, her fleets spread their sails on every sea, invaded the shores of Brasil and Peru, arrived in India, and searched for new passages to reach that region by a northern course.

Grotius thus characterises that nation and the Spaniards, in taking a view of them at the period in question:

"From time immemorial, both nations enjoyed an established reputation for martial prowess; but with this difference, that the valour of the one had for some time not been called into action, whereas that of the other had, in their Italian and transatlantic expeditions, been kept alive by constant discipline and the rich rewards of victory. The Batavians, whose characteristic features were unremitting industry and the patient endurance of profitable toil, were of course lovers of peace and commerce, but not so far the slaves of those inclinations, as tamely to brook the inroads of injustice. As little inclined as any

---

* Annal. Lib. i. p. 4. edit. 1657.

nation under heaven to infringe the rights of others, they were tenacious and resolute in the defence of their own. . . . . . After having repelled the barbarian hordes of the North, they remained, during eight centuries, unsubdued and undespoiled by foreign invaders. But Spain, having experienced a gradual change in her habits and manners by the partial admixture of those of her various conquerors, fell at length under the dominion of the Goths. These victors, after they had blended their own national character with that of the vanquished people among whom they settled, are portrayed by all writers, whether of ancient or modern date, as possessed of a temperament of body and mind equally steeled against fatigue and danger—so avid at once of glory and wealth, as to leave it uncertain which was the prevailing object of their ambition—inflated with pride to such a degree as to look down upon other nations with contempt—devout even to superstition—not ungrateful for benefits received—but so vindictive in their resentments, and so ferocious in the use of victory, that they considered no measures whatever as dishonorable or unjustifiable, by which they could avenge themselves on their enemies."

There are few events on record, which furnish nations and the rulers of nations with more striking lessons than may be derived from that revolution to which the Dutch were indebted for their independence. The hatred of despotism is so universally congenial to the human heart, that a people who combat and triumph over it, cannot be an un-interesting spectacle to the rest of mankind.

It was my intention to combine in one moral picture the most memorable events of that important history, which well deserves to be presented to the public eye under every form in which it is capable of interesting the heart and instructing the mind. The principal action which I have chosen, and to which all the rest are subservient, is the establishment of the republic of the United Provinces. It terminates at the Union of Utrecht; and the transactions posterior to that period are here introduced only as it were in perspective. I have been studious to adhere to historic truth for the ground-work of my plan: nor have I taken any further liberties than the transposition of a few events, either with respect to the time or the place where they happened. For instance, I place the execution of Egmont and Horn at a somewhat later date than is precisely consistent with fact; I add some months to the Duke of Alva's command in chief of the Spanish army, making his departure for Madrid subsequent to the raising of the siege of Leiden, although in truth that siege was only *begun* under his orders. I have, in search of materials, consulted the best historians, such as De Thou and Grotius. William's arrival in the French camp, and the assistance given to him by Coligni, are historic facts: such also is the inundation of a great part of Zealand, together with the invention of bombs, which is universally assigned to the period of those wars in the Netherlands. Several episodes, which I thought I might adapt to my subject, have been furnished to me by history; of which I will instance only the spectacle of the revival of letters and the arts, and

the Batavian isles. A few of my episodes are the productions of pure fancy, introduced either with a view to convey useful instruction, or for the purpose of giving variety to the narrative, and rendering it more interesting.

The founder of that republic, William of Nassau, is portrayed in advantageous colors by the pencil of history. The friend of the virtuous Barneveldt, the learned Grotius, gives the following picture of William*—"He surpassed all his contemporaries in activity, penetration, and courtesy. . . . . His soul was great, his designs impenetrable. . . . . No mortal was ever less tainted with the detestable vices of cruelty and avarice. He excelled in the cultivation even of those branches of knowledge which were the least connected with his ordinary pursuits, and possessed a memory faithfully retentive of every idea which he had once acquired."—In the circumstances, therefore, in which he was placed, he must certainly have applied his mind to the study of those fundamental principles on which rest the rights of nations: and history informs us that such was the case†.

At that epoch, several nations—depending on their own experience, though it had more than once proved fallacious—contented themselves, in their attempts to reform their government, with establishing or meliorating a mixed constitution in which monarchy and republicanism were blended,—and thought themselves capable of fixing sure boundaries which should protect their liberties under the authority of hereditary chiefs. It appears, moreover, that the extremely critical situation in which the Dutch were placed, induced them to nominate a chief, with whose talents and character they were acquainted, and who might procure them alliances and succours by means of his influence over several princes of Europe, whose esteem he enjoyed. He was for a time set aside from the rank of pre-eminence, after he had been elevated to it: but his place was filled by the substitution of other chiefs who were elected with similar views. Barneveldt, who sacrificed his life in the cause of liberty, stepped forward after the assassination of William, and presented to the states young Maurice, the son of that prince. It was, doubtless, his idea that a chief who displayed such conspicuous valour, and such eminent talents for the management of war, would powerfully contribute to the support of a state, narrow in its territory, still tottering on its basis, and doomed to toil through numerous combats, before it could establish itself on a firm foundation. This action of Barneveldt suggested to me the discourse which I have put into his mouth after the death of Lewis, to console William for the loss of his brother, and to elevate his courage.

To exhibit a faithful picture of that revolution, it was my duty to describe the spirit of the age, or at least that of the people who accomplished it: and, if any man

* Annal. lib. i. p. 7.

† "History of William of Nassau," by Amelot.—Languet, author of the famous treatise intitled "Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos," and who, in publishing his book, concealed himself under the fictitious name of Junius Brutus, sought an asylum under the roof of that prince, and was employed by him in affairs of high importance. De Thou, L. lxxiv.

be inclined to suppose that I was actuated by different views, I refer him to the conclusion of the work. Holland shook off at the same time the yoke of a double tyranny — the tyranny of Spain and of Rome, who were both preparing to invade whatever rights she had hitherto been able to preserve inviolate: she added strength to the protestant party,—contributed materially to form the necessary counterpoise to the power of Spain, — gave to all the nations of Europe an example which could not but be useful to them, — secured, by the consequences of her revolution, the ancient liberties of the Belgic provinces, who nevertheless had abandoned her in the hour of danger, — and attained a degree of prosperity which excited the astonishment and jealousy of the most powerful states.

*Extract from the Translator's Preface.*

In selecting this book to be presented to the public in the English dress, the translator was solely influenced by its superior merit as a work of genius, which had long before gained it the approbation and applause of impartial critics in the public Reviews of this country: and, if it do not now prove equally interesting to the reader as it did to the translator in its original dress, the failure must be wholly imputable to the defects of his version. He has indeed endeavoured —but, with what success, he leaves it to others to determine — rather to convey the ideas of his author, than to pay the same strict attention to his exact expressions as he would have done in ordinary prose . . . . . . . . in short, he has throughout aimed at the same style, as, from an attentive consideration of the original, he thought the ingenious author would himself have used, if he had composed his work in English. If he has failed in his attempt, he claims the indulgence of the public, who, though they may perhaps read the performance with diminished pleasure, will nevertheless still derive from it sufficient gratification to compensate the time bestowed on its perusal.

(*To be commenced in our next.*)

JEALOUSY.

(*Continued from page 62.*)

MR. Patterson apologised to Ruhlsberg for having made him wait so long: never was apology less requisite: Ruhlsberg was unconscious how long he had been waiting, or that he had waited for Mr. Patterson at all. The change which Miss Patterson had made in her dress, might indeed have served to remind him of the progress of time. This lady had felt dissatisfied with her appearance upon the first visit of her supposed lover, and therefore availed herself of the pretext of acquainting Mr. Patterson with his arrival, in order to withdraw to her toilette.

The conversation now became general; and it was at length determined that they should go the next morning to visit the castle of Leitmankor. As Miss Patterson chose to be included in this party, it was most natural that Helmina should be so too: and, besides, her husband, still more self-interested than jealous, wished for her presence on this occasion, in order that Ruhlsberg might imbibe the most favorable notion of the purchase he was about to make: and he knew that Helmina's praises of Leitmankor would be far more eloquent and forcible than his own.

During some days Ruhlsberg had particularly shunned the society of the countess. This woman was an intolerable restraint upon him: she followed him for ever with her piercing eyes; and her conversation resembled a court of inquiry. It seemed as though she spoke for no other purpose than to discover or to contradict whatever was passing in his mind.

Such had the countess appeared to Ruhlsberg before his conversation with Helmina: but, after that delightful interview, his heart was so filled with bliss, as to render him indulgent; and he was ready to accuse himself of having judged Madame Mulhausen too severely. Perhaps he was now unable to judge her at all; for he could think of nothing but Helmina, of the sweet confidential hour he had enjoyed with her, and of the prospect of accompanying her to Leitmankor the next day.

On his return home, he entered the apartment of the countess, and acquainted her with his intention of purchasing the castle; but he avoided naming Helmina. He plumed himself extremely upon this instan[illegible] of discretion; yet every word h[illegible]ed communicated to Madame Mulhausen the secret of his heart, and conveyed the pangs of jealousy to hers. She made a thousand efforts to dissemble her feelings—efforts which were wholly needless; for Ruhlsberg was incapable of observation: he was absorbed in the pleasure of speaking of his excursion to Leitmankor: the countess listened to him; and he was satisfied.

The hour, named for this excursion, and so impatiently awaited by Ruhlsberg, at length arrived. Joy in his heart, wings upon his feet, he entered the house of Mr. Patterson, and beheld the lovely Helmina adorned with smiles. Their setting out was delayed on account of Miss Patterson, who, anxious that every preparation for the day's entertainment should be in exact order, ran hither and thither without any settled scheme, and forgot that a servant had been already dispatched to Leitmankor for the purpose of arranging all things for their reception. A dinner, given to Mr. Ruhlsberg, was, in the imagination of this lady, a sort of nuptial repast. She expected that he would oberve her talents in the management of a house, and be sensible of the striking difference, in this respect, between a woman of sense and a giddy-brained girl.

At length they are in the carriage; and Ruhlsberg and Helmina become pensive the moment they are se[illegible]ted there. They scarcely dare to look at each other; and when, for an instant, their eyes meet, it seems as though it were only to give a mutua[illegible] injunction of prudence. Yet, if any one had said to them, "Why so serious? why so constrained?" they could not have explained why, even if they had wished to do so.—The castle, the dear castle, appears in view; and a gladness illumes their countenances, which grows more and more lively, as they more nearly approach the place of their destination.—Ah! foolish lovers! will you be more at liberty to communicate your sentiments in the castle, than you are upon the road? ah! foolish lovers! you never reason: all you can do is to feel.

They entered the castle in exact order; that is to say, all four together. Miss Patterson was the first who quitted the rank; for a

thousand cares demanded her attention.—They had not been at Leitmankor a quarter of an hour, ere the rattling of wheels and the sound of a whip in the court-yard announced the arrival of another carriage; and Mr. Patterson, much surprised, went to see who were his visitors. Ruhlsberg and Helmina sat down together, and found no difficulty in entering upon an interesting conversation. The day before they had spoken of Leitmankor with ease and delight: but now, whether it was that the presence of objects so tenderly remembered was too affecting to the heart, or whether the heart yielded to some un-accountable caprice, certain it is that Ruhlsberg and Helmina could scarcely utter one word without a faltering of voice; and therefore they soon became silent. Their eyes sometimes met, and were quickly withdrawn, to wipe away the starting tears—tears, which were mutually more observable as they were mutually concealed with more care.

Mr. Patterson now entered; and he was accompanied by the count and countess Mulhausen! Helmina might have known the effect which this unexpected visit produced upon her countenance, by looking at that of Ruhlsberg; and Ruhlsberg might have beheld his own intolerable chagrin depicted in the eyes of Helmina.

The countess, dissembling her jealousy, began to laugh at the whim she had taken into her head, of surprising them with a visit at Leitmankor. "I proposed it," said she, "to my husband, who relished the idea as much as I did. However, my dear Mrs. Patterson, I shall be extremely sorry, if you suffer us to put you to the slightest inconvenience: if we do, I beg that you will frankly tell me so; and we will defer the pleasure of dining with you till another day."

Mrs. Patterson, according to established custom, protested that the visit gave her infinite pleasure; and she looked at Ruhlsberg, as requiring him to confirm her declaration. He therefore felt himself obliged to express satisfaction at an event which grieved him to the heart.—As for poor Miss Patterson, she could not hide her chagrin: the countess was a formidable rival: she would be the first in whatever company she appeared; and that, Miss Patterson thought, rendered her an ineligible companion to other women. By "*other women*," Miss Patterson meant only herself. Helmina's presence indeed was wholly un-important: *she* was a mere girl in her teens, who made no claims upon the attention of others. Mr. Patterson and the count were the only persons of the whole party who spent an agreeable day: the one was pleased with the prospect of selling his estate to advantage; the other thought himself amused, because his wif[illegible]ld him that he infallibly [illegible] so at the sight of Leitmankor. The lovers were far from being at ease; and, to crown their bad luck, the countess, when they were to return home, so earnestly requested Ruhlsberg to accept a seat in her carriage, that he knew not how to refuse. Miss Patterson was in an inward rage: Helmina was only sad; but her sadness was that of the heart.

Perhaps it may be asked, what could be Ruhlsberg's view in yielding to his passion for a woman who could not participate his feel-

ings without betraying her duty. — Let Ruhlsberg himself satisfy the inquirer's curiosity; for lovers alone can solve such difficulties as these; and here follows the answer which he returned to a friend, who had asked him that very question.

*(To be continued.)* page 195

---

## *Picture of* HAMBURG *in* 1805.

*(Concluded from page 65.)*

THE taxes levied, and the duties received, in the city and state of Hamburg, are nearly the same as those of Bremen and Lubeck, and directed by the same principles. The people are not very numerous, and their zeal for their country resembles that of a father for his children; each individual consents with pleasure, and is eager to pay taxes and duties, which are universally acknowledged to be both useful and necessary: it is even thought shameful to be tardy in the payment.

Such conduct may give reason to believe that the people have some share in the administration, or at least that they are acquainted with the [illegible]ings on which it moves; yet t[illegible]nistration is only confided to [illegible] few citizens, and no one is informed either of their views or operations; by this means they meet with no obstacles to their plans, nor suffer from the hatred or jealousy of their fellow-citizens.

Every citizen or inhabitant of Hamburg, who quits the city to reside elsewhere, is obliged to pay the tenth part of his fortune; except those indeed who are comprised in what is termed the contract, that is, who give an annual sum to be exempted from this tax, and who are then only obliged to pay down at once the amount of the said annual sum.

The right of citizenship at Hamburg is personal, and does not extend to the children*, who are obliged to purchase it; and this is termed the duty on the freedom of citizens.

A foreigner, or Hamburger who does not choose to buy this freedom, is obliged to enter into the foreign contract, and to give an annual sum for permission to carry on trade in the city: he likewise pays all duties and taxes to which other citizens are subject.

The city of Hamburg has established a kind of public pawnbrokerage, where money is lent at six per cent. This is a great resource to the inhabitants, who save considerably by being taken out of the hands of the usurers, who, before this institution, frequently insisted on sixty, and even eighty per cent. If the articles are not taken out of pledge at the term agreed upon, they are immediately sold, but in such a manner as to bring their real value; and the remainder of the money is faithfully remitted to the owners of the pledges. The city is supposed to gain an annual sum of fifteen thousand crowns by this establishment.

The city cellar and the repository for drugs also yield a considerable revenue.

The former principally contains Rhenish wine of all ages, from a hundred years old† to the last

---

* This right, however, does extend to those children who, when of age, take the oath of allegiance.

† There was indeed wine of the year 1648 when the French entered Hamburg.

vintage. This cellar is immense, and forms a subterraneous city, divided into different apartments, to which both foreigners and natives frequently resort, and give entertainments.

The income tax is one fourth per cent. paid by inhabitants of every description for all their estates, both real and personal. This tax is not assessed: every citizen rates for himself, and carries the amount to the town-hall, where he makes oath that the payment is just, according to law.

Every inhabitant is bound to mount guard, or to find a substitute. There are people on purpose to serve this office, and the captain of the quarter is obliged to provide them, being, however, furnished with means to support the expense by a sum paid him by every citizen. The nobility, ecclesiastics, and indeed all persons bearing titles, are exempted from this tax.

Literature and the arts were at a very low ebb in 1790 at Hamburg; the greater part of the community applying themselves solely to commerce, there were very few towns where science of every kind was so totally neglected. It would, however, be unjust to assert, that Hamburg had never produced men worthy of being distinguished in the republic of letters; and I shall certainly not neglect mentioning some of the most celebrated in the Appendix, where a short account of their lives and different works will also be found. In 1790, there were neither good schools, sculptors, engravers, nor even a tolerable painter in the city of Hamburg. A French bookseller endeavoured to establish a reading-room, but he had so few subscribers, that he was forced to relinquish his plan. It was very extraordinary that all ideas of science should have been banished from so rich a city, and that French literature should have been so particularly in disrepute. All this, however, is now much changed, and there are great collections of French books, which have been considerably increased since the emigration, which has also contributed to make them sell speedily and well; consequently French literature is both more cultivated and better understood*.

Inundations are extremely frequent and sudden in Hamburg: the Elbe, indeed, is restrained by a dyke, but this, with the surrounding country, and almost the whole of the city, were overflowed in 1771: a pillar is erected to mark the height of the water, which was wonderful. Towards the end of November 1790, we were witnesses to the Elbe's rising more than twenty feet; the water deluged many cellars, and forced the inhabitants to quit their habitations. Whenever women with child, or sick persons, are obliged to leave these cellars at a minute's warning, those who lodge in the first, second, or third stories, are forced to grant them an asylum. This custom, though attended with inconvenience, is certainly a very humane one, as it enforces that assistance from the rich to which the poor have so just a claim. A sudden inundation, which took place on the night of the 21st of March 1791, did damage to the amount of many millions of French livres.

There are very few cities which can boast of such beautiful environs, or that give a higher idea

* French cookery is of all other things the most esteemed in Hamburg and Altona.

of the riches of the inhabitants. An assemblage of water, woods, groves, walks, with a variety of fine prospects, make Hamburg a delightful residence during summer. Almost all the merchants have expensive country-houses, which they visit as frequently as possible. Those without the Altona gate are in the Danish territory, and among the charming habitations which grace the banks of the Elbe, that of M. M. Boué was, in 1790, reckoned the pleasantest. Strangers should certainly visit the environs, especially on this side of the city, and towards the Alster. We made a short tour from Altona to Flotbeck; the road lies between rows of trees, and we were delighted with the charming gardens and pleasing country-houses which presented themselves on every side. Wandsbeck is without the gate called Steinthor. It is a handsome *château*, and, though not large, is the finest in that neighbourhood: it belongs to the Comte de Schimmelman, who[illegible] father amassed a considerable fortune in a short space of time in Denmark, where his brother was minister of [illegible]ance in 1799. The park is pleas[illegible] being open to the public, [illegible] fashionable *promenade* on Sundays and holidays. The road, on these occasions, is crowded with open waggons, vehicles much used in this part of the world, with high wheels, and five or six benches across the carriage, which holds ten or twelve persons. Those belonging to people of fashion are hung upon springs.

---

*For the Lady's Magazine.*

ELLEN.—*A Fragment.*

RAMBLING one morning in an adjacent grove, my attention was so much absorbed by the harmonious carol of the aërial songsters, that I did not perceive two elegant females till I had entered the grotto where they were sitting in close conversation. They appeared much surprised at my approach, and were on the point of retiring, when I addressed them in the following terms. "Lovely strangers! I crave pardon for my intrusion: but, if it be not deemed impertinent, may I inquire the reason of your appearance in this place at so early an hour?"

The one who appeared the elder, replied, "Actuated by feelings of benevolence, we came hither to alleviate the distress of an apparently distracted female, who daily, about this time, makes this enchanting spot resound with her woe-fraught lamentations."

"Some unfortunate maniac perhaps," returned I. "But see! is not the form just in view, the beauteous sufferer approaching?"

[illegible] companio[illegible]mediately recognised her, a[illegible]w to execute their benefic[illegible]design.—I followed.—We were concealed from the object of our compassion by the richness of the foliage. Never did I behold so interesting an object. Her form was symmetry itself: her silken tresses, fanned by the gentle Zephyrs, luxuriantly waved over a neck, with which the lily would have been an inadequate competitor; but her expressive countenance seemed clouded with the most gloomy melancholy. In short, her whole appearance was such as must have excited sympathy even in a heart of adamant.

She spoke:—all nature listened to the music of her voice: and,

"Oh! my Henry," she cried—"my much-loved, long-lost, faithful Henry! why are we doomed to be the sport of fortune? Abandoned by thy cruel father, and forced by him upon the rolling waves, perhaps ere now thou sleep'st beneath the surging main. Dear, injured youth! thine Ellen will not long survive thee: she soon will sleep the sleep of death—to join thee where no separation can take place."

Filled with compassion, we emerged from our recess. The rustling of the leaves made her start; and, on discovering us, she uttered a frantic scream, and fled with incredible swiftness through the winding mazes of the grove.

Peace to thy gentle breast! and may thy ardent love
With love reciprocal be crowned!
And, when thy spirit drops its cumbrous load,
To soar above terrestrial things,
May'st thou, by kindred souls,
Be wafted into scenes of blissful immortality!

---

SAPPHO: *a[illegible]storic Roman[illegible]*

*(Co[illegible] page 1[illegible])*

SAPPHO [illegible]d now attained that age when the affections are readily excited; and, like the rose which eagerly opens its calyx, and spreads its leaves to receive the pearly drops of the morning dew, her mind was feelingly alive to tender impressions. With other young girls of Mitylenè, she was a constant spectator at the athletic games, at the festivals of the Gods, and at the public assemblies of the people. When she beheld the youth of the other sex, her sensations were rather those of timid feminine curiosity natural to her years, than the effect of sympathy, or a determined feeling of the heart.—Like the inconstant bee, which luxuriously wantons from flower to flower, her heart, light and free as air, was not confined to any single object; and, though the impressions which she excited were not produced by the effect of her beauty, yet the brilliancy of her wit and the solidity of her understanding gained her admirers, whose passion was the more profound, as it did not derive its source from perishable attractions, but from the more lasting influence of the mind.

Her dominion had already extended over the hearts of several young men of Mitylenè: but, more desirous of pleasing than of being loved, she imposed chains which she did not partake. Alas! she could not foresee that the day was not far distant when she herself should bend beneath the imperious yoke of love.

The fame of Phaon's beauty was not confined to Mitylenè alone: it had extended throughout the island of Lesbos, and even beyond the seas.—Like a proud hyacinth [illegible]hich towers above the common flowers, he not only excelled other young men in the graces of his person, but maintained a decided superiority in all th[illegible]se exercises which requir[illegible]gth and agility. His conte[illegible]poraries beheld him with envy, the females with love, and the men with admiration.

Sappho had frequently heard of his surprising perfections; yet she still boasted her indifference. "Let others," she said, "have the weakness to wear the chains of love: *I* shall never submit to his tyranny." She was then far from thinking that the mortal wound which would destroy her peace, was to be received from the eyes of Phaon; and she had even the temerity to believe, that, if she

had an opportunity of conversing with him, his name would swell the list of her admirers.

Every year, at the new moon of the month *Hecatombæon*, the festival of Minerva was celebrated at Mitylenè. To the pomp of the sacrifices and the splendor of the ceremonies, succeeded the athletic games, and the exercises of the gymnasium. Prizes were offered to the victors; but glory was considered as the highest reward.

The solemn rites were scarcely finished, and the sacred fires of the altars extinguished, when the trumpet sounds to assemble the young men who intend to dispute the palm of victory.—At this well-known signal, their hearts beat with increased rapidity; their bosoms swell with anxious enthusiasm; and their emotion increases as the moment approaches for the contest—like the charger trembling at the first sound of arms.

The games were commenced by the race of a thousand paces, from the temple of Minerva to [illegible] square. Ten young men, accustomed to this exercise, appeared in a line at the foot of the temple, eying each [illegible]ther with eager curiosity. After [illegible]ng aside their mantles, they waited in anxious suspense the signal for departure. At the first sound of the trumpet, they dart forward: the hope of victory is expressed in the impetuosity of their course, and in the anxiety of their looks, steadfastly directed toward the goal.

For some time they continued nearly on the same line, when at length one from the centre rushes forward with increased velocity:—the others, exerting every nerve to follow him, resemble a flock of cranes forming an angle in their flight, when, at the approach of autumn, nature propels them to seek a more congenial climate.

They retain the same order for some moments, when the youth on the right with inconceivable velocity passed his rival from the centre. The air resounds with shouts of acclamation. More jealous of obtaining the applause of the multitude than of gaining the prize, the first, who had been passed, collecting all his strength, no longer runs—he flies, and soon appears at the head of the race.—The tide of popular applause again changes its object.

His rival, still cherishing hope, though nearly exhausted, continued to contest the victory: but the first, suddenly turning round, places his foot before him; and the other stumbles and falls amid the shouts and laughter of the multitude, while the victor pursues his course in the full enjoyment of their applause. The others abandon the race; and he arrived alone at the gaol, [illegible] he detached the [illegible] placed it on his [illegible] was a citizen of Tenedos, whose agility in the course had gained him the title of the swift-footed Achilles.

(*To be continued.*)

---

## *Notices of* ELFI BEY*, *the Bichâre* ARABS, *and the Interior of* AFRICA.

(*From Hamilton's "Egyptiaca."*)

WE set out on a visit to Elfi Bey, who was above the cataracts [of the Nile], and who had sent his *haznadàr*, or treasurer, to examine who we were, observe our force, and, if friends, to invite us to his

* Our fair readers will, no doubt, recollect the visit which that Mamaluke chief paid to the British court, a few years since.

camp. It was a four hours' ride; and we found him encamped in the same spot which the advanced bodies of the French reached in the first year of their invasion.....

He mentioned to us eight languages that were spoken by natives in his camp. . . . . and. . . he had servants in his camp from all those different people, besides several from the interior of Africa.

The Bichàre [an Arab tribe] wear their hair after a peculiar manner, very close at the top, and very thick and bushy at the sides; which is assisted by a quantity of grease. They have no covering whatever to their heads; eat chiefly meat, milk, and dates; and, in general, their meat is raw, though sometimes baked and dried in the sun. Their arms are a lance seven feet long, armed at both ends with an iron point, and a round shield of the hide of the hippopotamus, with a conical knob or boss in the centre, and which is proof against the cut of a sabre, o[illegible] better sort [illegible] on dromedaries, have [illegible]so a long straight sword, broader at the point than at the hilt. These are the only guides among the mountains:—their knowledge of the roads is not only their own protection, but renders the Mamalukes, when in the neighbourhood, in a great measure dependent on them. They are equally vain and jealous of this knowledge,—active, of a small stature, and a prepossessing countenance—some of them with a cast of the negro, others with a very fine profile. Their complexion is nearly black. The women are reported to be handsome. When we asked them if they were accustomed to eat live flesh, they denied it, but spoke with pleasure of the luxury of opening the veins of a dromedary or a sheep, and drinking their warm blood.

They are much more sensible, shrewd, and intelligent, than the Fellahs of Egypt. Even in this low state of civilisation, the mind of man may be naturally enlarged by a frequent change of scene; and the savage mountaineer may be more capable of feeling, as well as of acting, than the savage lowlander. . . .

The only information of any kind we could procure while at Es Souan, of the interior parts of Africa remote from Egypt, was given by two Moors, who were passing by, with a large body of their countrymen, on their way to Mecca. As they were able to make themselves intelligible to our pilot, who spoke the Coumouss and Berberi languages, we learned from them, that they belonged to a very extensive nation known to themselves and here by the name of *Secroua*, and [illegible]t they inhabited a country called *Demourki*, at the distance of five months'* journey from Egypt, and of two months from Sennaar and the Nile: that t[illegible]y were now engaged on a [illegible]age to Mecca, subsisting, as they travel, on the charity of those they meet: according as fortune favors or frowns upon them, they go from Kenneh to Cosseir, and thence straight to Jedda by sea; or if they cannot pay their passage, they go round by Cairo and the Desert on foot. This expedition and their return generally take them four or five years. When at Mecca, they receive from one of their countrymen (an African

* That is, that *they* had taken that time to perform the journey.

Moor), who has some eminent office there, a lage *kaouk*, or high turban, marked with his seal, which they ever after wear on their heads, or carry on their shoulders, to show their countrymen that they have a right to the respect and esteem usually paid in Mahometan countries to the character of a pilgrim. Some of these, in undertaking this perilous journey, had in view merely their own spiritual advantage; others were proxies for their friends or masters, to whom they would carry back a passport for eternal life in return for a competence in this:—that they have a king or sultan, whose name is Abderrachman, and who resides in the capital, which is called Tendeldé, and which they describe as being so large, that to go round it on foot is a journey of six days. Drawing on the sand a kind of map of their country, which they describe as a plain surrounded on all sides by very high mountains, they placed to the west of the capital, *Maasy*, *Souron*, and *Teyer*,—to the south, *Kioné* and *Towala*—to the east, *Zamiel* and *Koodi*,—to the north, *Kincoma*, *[illegible]houman*, and *Kobra*. The principal caravan which passes through their country comes from Kub-Kubbé, and proceeds as far as Koodi: their slaves come from Darfour and the westward. The chief productions of the soil are durra and doehl, the latter the most abundant. The sun they call Doulé, and the moon Doual. Their arms consist of a long lance pointed with iron, a bow and arrows, and an iron crow, with a hook. They wear an iron coat of mail, and their horses are armed in war with a complete covering of coarse woollen cloth, to protect them from the arrows of the enemy, and which is also put upon their feet, to prevent their being heard at night. They have a few date and domm trees, and a plant called Delib, which they use as tobacco for smoking. Buffalo flesh is their common food, which they dress by laying it on a stone, and lighting a fire over it. They are very black, but not of the darkest hue, and have much of the Guinea Negro countenance; their hair short and curly, but not wooly.

When we made our second visit to Elfi Bey, we found him encamped about a league above his first position at Schiment Elwah, in a district called Debodé. This name is given to a narrow slip of cultivable land on each side of the Desert, varying from 50 to 500 yards in breadth. The doura we found just ripe; barley had been sown about ten days, for which the soil had been divided into small squares for the convenience of watering from the channels which surrounded them. We found that the river, at this distance above the cataracts, had already fallen six-and-thirty feet, though at Assouan the fall was not yet of more than 15 feet. The river was about a quarter of a mile broad, with a current deep, majestic, smooth, and strong, uninterrupted by rocks, and forming a striking contrast with the turbulence below. In the few villages we passed, the people were civil, offered us youurt*, and saluted us cordially with the Salam aleïkoum —Health be to you! As all the

* A preparation of milk peculiar to the Levant, and a very favorite food with Turks and Arabs of all ranks.

male inhabitants were at work in the fields, the women would rush from their cottages, built of mud bricks, or loose stones, to stare at us: these were unveiled, but had a kind of hood which they could draw over their faces at pleasure. The right nostril was pierced with a brass ring, and they were laden with necklaces and bracelets of beads, shells, and small bones; their hair dressed in front and at the sides in small short ringlets, plastered with butter or other grease.

We found the Bey sitting on the ground at the door of his tent, giving directions to three or four of the Bichâre Arabs, who were attendant on his camp, and whom he used as scouts and spies. He seemed to treat them with much condescension, and it was evident that he considered himself as very dependent on them for his safety and subsistence. They wore a long straight sword, which they held in both hands behind their backs: som[illegible] or shoes a [illegible] of thick leat[illegible] under the sole of the[illegible] feet; but they were in general bare-footed, and their only clothing a plain coarse linen shirt, which reached to the knees. With this light apparel it was natural that the first remark they made on us, the first Europeans they had ever seen, should be on our superfluous dress, our gold buttons, our hats, and other parts of our cloathing, so strange to them. In return, however, we were surprised to find the dress of their hair the original of what appears such a very extraordinary projection on both sides of the head of the great sphinx near the pyramids of Gizeh: this is more or less common among all the original inhabitants immediately south of the cataracts, and is simply the side hair frizzed out very thick, and stiffened with grease. They are, like all other Arabs, extremely greedy of money, the end of their activity, ingenuity, parsimony, and cunning—qualities they chiefly excel in. While we were talking with them, they were in the attitude of darting from us, as if to run for a wager; and as soon as they had received a small present, they disappeared in an instant, to advance three or four days' journey into the Desert, and bring the Bey news of the arrival of the Sennaar caravan. The prospect of imposing on it a heavy contribution for the grant of a free passage, being his principal consolation for being driven so far to the south, away from the resources and wealth of Egypt...

He then began on his favorite topic of magic and astrology. He showed us his Book of Science, which was written in a beautiful Arabic character, with a [illegible]at many painted drawings of monsters, or monstrous combinations of birds, plants, and human figures; un-intelligible characters, to which were at[illegible]ibuted occult powers, and [illegible]very thing which could give it an air of mystery and importance. The Bey read the book with ease, and professed to understand the whole, but would give us no explanation of what it contained. He studied it, applied to it in all trying cases, and regulated the days of his march by it. He delayed his departure from Debodé in compliance with it, that is, till the new moon; though, indeed, the Orientals in general consider it as inauspicious to begin a journey towards the end of a moon. At night he pointed out the north

star, and the Aldebaran in Taurus: as to the other stars whose names he pretended to know, he was generally mistaken; but, to make amends, he described to us the mystical meaning of each. On our expressing our doubts of his infallibility, and as we suggested that Europeans, with all their knowledge, did not pretend to look into futurity, he replied, "'Tis true, indeed, you Franks know a great deal; but you know not how to turn what you know to any use." He added a great deal of nonsense and absurdity, which he had drawn from obsolete Arabic authors, on the theory of the universe, on topography, the manners of inhabitants, particularly of the Bramins, who, he believed, could, by fasting, so reduce themselves to air, that they ascended involuntarily to heaven, &c. &c. &c.

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

Sir,

I REQUEST permission to present to your fair readers the following narrative of a remarkable dream, tak[illegible] from Valerius Maximus, who wrote at Rome in the reign of the emperor Tiberius Cæsar. It is found in his first book, chap. 7.

Two friends, traveling together, arrived at the town of Megara, where the one went to lodge at a private house, the other at a public inn. During the night, the former saw the latter appear to him in a vision, conjuring him to come to his assistance, and rescue him from the treacher[illegible]us villany of the innkeeper—and adding, that, if he exerted due diligence, he would arrive in time to save him from the impending danger. Startled by this alarming admonition, the dreamer sprang from his couch, and was preparing to go to the inn; when, upon reflexion, he considered the vision as a mere illusion of the fancy, and, deeming it wholly unworthy of notice, returned to his bed.

But scarcely were his eyes again closed in sleep, when his friend appeared to him a second time—not as before, but wounded, and streaming with blood. The phantom now earnestly entreated, that, although he had neglected to save his life, at least he would not refuse to avenge his death; adding that he had been murdered by his host, who, at that very moment, was proceeding to the city gate, and carrying out his dead body covered with dung in a cart.

Roused by this second vision, and impelled by the urgent entreaties of his companion, the other instantly ran to the city gate, and the[illegible] found every cir[illegible]cum[illegible]corr[illegible]ponding with the indications in his dream—the cart, the dung, the dead body, and the inn-keeper, whom, upon such convincing proof, he brought to capital punishment for his crime.

What degree of credit your fair readers may be disposed to attach to this wondrous narrative, I know not:—for my own part, I do most firmly believe it—to be a fable—a tale ingeniously devised to tickle those ears which are fond of the marvelous. But, however that may be, the story has been from time to time revived, with alterations [illegible] embellishments suited to the taste an[illegible] manners of the age. I perfectly well recollect to have read, some twenty or thirty years since, a similar tale, that was related in some

French publication, which very judiciously placed the scene of action in Hungary, Bohemia, or some other distant country, after the example of Valerius Maximus, who laid his scene in Greece, besides omitting names and date. The other day again we have had a new edition of it, which, with equal judgement, lays the scene in Ireland—a country, which it is now the fashion to represent as a land of savages. GIOVANNI.

---

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

THOUGH I doubt not that the "*Elegant Cosmetic*," recommended in your last Number, is a very good one, nevertheless, as it is rather expensive, and troublesome in the preparation, I shall, with your permission, communicate to your fair readers a more simple and cheaper one, which may perhaps prove equally serviceable.

To half a p[illegible] of soft soap, melted over a slow fire with a gill of sweet oil, add two or three table-spoon-fuls of fine sand, and stir the mixture together, till cool.—The shelly sea-sand, sifted from the shells, has been found better than that which has no shells.

This simple cosmetic has for several years been used by certain ladies of my acquaintance, who are remarkable for the delicate softness and whiteness of their hands, which they in great measure attribute to the use of it; though they add, [illegible]at they have found common so[illegible]p, used in the ordinary way, with the addition of the above mentioned sand at the moment of washing, to answer the same purpose. W.

*Memoirs of* MONTALBERT.

(*Continued from page 64.*)

I DARTED forward, and sprang up to my love.—A blush, that rivaled the tints of the rose, overspread her angelic countenance, when, with the impetuous transports of a lover, I accosted her:—it was the blush of joy—it was the blush of love. I led her to join the dance: her soft hand trembled in mine, as I uttered a thousand tender rhapsodies: "she shone like the brilliant meridian sun,—she was a blaze of beauty,—even envy owned that she was fair."—I followed her sylph-like steps through the mazy dance: I committed a thousand blunders: I could do nothing but gaze on her heavenly form.

"Who is that pale, interesting youth?" asked Amelia of me, as she hung upon my arm—pointing to Arlingham, who stood aloof from all the rest of the company, pensively leaning against the wall, absorpt in deep thought.

"He is an intimate friend of mine," replied I: "his name is Arlingham."

"Then I am sure h[illegible] is amiable, if he is a friend of yours," rejoined Amelia.

"Flatterer!" said I, pressing her soft little hand, as we approached to where Arlingham stood.—"Why don't you dance?" said I to him. "What a shame, while so many fair ladies are sitting, without partners!"

"I cannot: I never dance," replied he in an agitated voice.

"Your dancing-days are passed—are they?" said I, laughing.

"If they are passed, when did they begin?" said Amelia.

"My dancing-days have not been long," returned he:—"may

yours, Miss Colnbrook, be longer and happier than mine have been." He ended with a sigh that went to my heart, and turned from us. I pitied him from my soul: I would have given more than I was worth to have had the power of alleviating his grief.

Amelia was struck with the melancholy tone in which he spoke, and asked me the reason of his sadness. I was as ignorant as herself. — I looked round for Arlingham: — he was gone: he had quitted the ball-room.

My Amelia and her mother were on a visit to a Mr. Lethbridge, who was married to a sister of Mrs. Colnbrook. I was very intimate at that gentleman's house: I saw my sweet angel every day, and drank intoxicating draughts of love from her fine blue eyes.

One morning, that I had taken my gun, and gone out to amuse myself with shooting, I returned through a rich clump of trees that over-hung a beautiful river. It was an enchanting spot. I threw myself down on the bank; for I was weary with the morning's sport. — A hawthorn tree stood close by me: I stretched up my hand to pluck some of the flowers: one beautiful branch dropped: I stooped to pick it up, when my eye fell on a piece of paper half open. I took it up, and perceived the writing to be poetry. — There being neither direction nor subscription to mark its owner, I conceived myself at liberty to read it. On one side of the paper were written the following verses.

A wanderer, weary and wretched I go:
No bright beam of joy ever gladdens my breast.
My years have been few, but my days full of woe;
And I long, in the grave, from my suf'rings to rest.

Alone and forlorn, on this wide world I stand:
My tears are unheeded; my wants are look'd o'er.
Oh! have I not cause to be weary of life?
Oh! have I not cause my sad fate to deplore?

No eye of affection e'er beams upon me:
No soft voice of tenderness cheers my poor heart:
Neglected, forgotten, in silence I mourn;
And dejected and wan, I in life take no part.

A wanderer, weary and wretched I go:
No bright beam of joy ever gladdens my breast.
My years have been few, but my days full of woe;
And I long, in the grave, from my suf'ring's to rest.

And on the other side, in the same hand —

Cease, little trembler, — cease, my breaking heart!
Oh! burst — oh! burst, and lay Maria low.
Oh! come, pale Death! uplift th' unerring dart:
In mercy free me from a load of woe.

Alone, unheard, I waste my mournful sighs,
In anguish wild, with tearless, bursting eyes:
No tear will come to ease my burning brain: —
All, all, is hopeless, comfortless within.

Montalbert! — Ah! that name, that magic name
In my poor bosom stirs a quenchless flame.
To madness, I the charming youth adore:
But fate forbids my hopes so high to soar:

For I on earth Montalbert's ne'er shall be:
Oh! never, never, must he know my love:
But o'er my gra[illegible]he'll drop a pitying tear;
And I, well pleas[illegible] realms above.

Who was Maria? — I knew not a single lady of that name. I thought over and over, who the

writer might be; but my last thought was as vague as my first. —I put the paper into my pocket, and had not walked far, when I perceived Arlingham, stretched at full length by the river side.— "Good morrow, my friend!" said I to him.—He started at the sound of my voice; and I perceived, as he lifted his head, the traces of a tear on his pale cheek. —He brushed it off. I took no notice of it, but asked him if he had seen a lady there that morning.—"Not one," replied he:— "I have been here these three hours, without seeing any person, save yourself."

"Strange!" thought I: for the paper seemed newly dropped.—I saw he wished to be alone: so I left him; and, musing on Maria, I returned to my lodgings.

The smiles of my Amelia, however, soon drove Maria from my remembrance.—In the evening, after the hour of parade, I repaired to Mr. Lethbridge's: they were all from home, except Amelia. The evening was warm and voluptuous: not a breath of wind murmured through the leafy grove: Amelia was reclined on a rose-colored sofa: the window-curtains were half drawn down, and shed a faint soft light around the elegant apartment. Amelia was too beautiful, she looked more than mortal: she heard not the noise of my footsteps till I was close by her side. I threw myself on my knees before her: in rapturous terms I declared my passion; and, in an unguarded moment, putting too great faith in me, she suffered passion to triumph over prudence.—Pure in thought as in form, she had suspected no ill: but, on reflexion, she, with a scream of anguish and a look of desperation, rushed from the room, leaving me motionless with mute surprise, and rooted to the spot. At last I rose, and, stealing away, like a thief that dreads detection, repaired to my lodgings. I bolted the door, and, throwing myself on the bed, gave way to a madness of self reproach and remorse.

Next morning, I arose from a sleepless couch.—I dared not go over to Mr. Lethbridge's: I dared not meet the eye of the injured Mrs. Colnbrook. As I turned a corner of a street, I met Mr. Lethbridge full in the face:—I shrunk from him, as from a basilisk: I dreaded his glance would blast me as the destroyer of innocence. He addressed me in his usual way: he knew not my guilt. Good, worthy man! how kind was his manner! I asked for Mrs. Lethbridge, and Mrs. Colnbrook:—the name of Amelia faultered on my tongue; but I durst not pronounce it.

"My wife and Mrs. Colnbrook are quite well," answered he: "but Amelia is a little indisposed to-day: she has not yet quitted her apartment. Come and dine with us: I am sure Mrs. Colnbrook will be glad to see you: you are a great favorite of hers; and I can answer for my wife and myself making you welcome. Perhaps Amelia may come down: I am sure your presence would help to recover her." He looked archly:—I thought I should have sunk to the earth: my feelings were dreadful.—I pleaded a prior engagement, as an excuse. He was sorry for it, but hoped to see me soon.

Four days passed: yet I dared not go to Mr. Lethbridge's. I heard that Amelia was ill—very ill.—Oh! my friend! the tor-

ments of the damned were ease, compared to what I felt.—Deloraine was gone, on leave of absence.—Arlingham, kind and gentle as the dew from heaven, sought to alleviate my grief, but sought not to inquire the cause. I wrote to Amelia. I will not transcribe the letter: it is too long. I implored her forgiveness: I besought her to accept my hand:—my heart she had been long in possession of.

Her answer was short—"Amelia is unworthy of you: she will never consent to be yours. Suffer her to live and die forgotten: it is the only favor she asks of you."

I raved like a madman.—Amelia was dearer to me at that moment than ever. I flew to Mr. Lethbridge's: the sitting-room was empty: I rushed regardless up stairs: The door of a room was half open; and there what a spectacle met my eyes!—Pale as a drooping lily surcharged with rain, lay Amelia extended on a couch: her mild-beaming, humid eye was raised towards heaven: her snow-white hands were crossed on her still whiter bosom: large pearly drops chased each other in torrents down her pale lovely cheeks!—I half uttered her name: she shrieked, and, in convulsive emotion, exclaimed, "Go! go!"—"Do you hate me, Amelia?" said I in a mournful voice.—She answered only by a burst of tears.—I took her silken hand: she hastily snatched it from my grasp, and, rushing from the room, exclaimed, "Inhuman Montalbert! we part for ever!"

How I got home, I know not.—A burning fever seised my brain: I raved of Amelia.—Arlingham took his station by my bed-side, and for a tedious fortnight never quitted it by night or by day.—I recovered, only to le[illegible]rn that Am[illegible]lia was gone with he[illegible] mother to a distant part of the country.—I could not follow them, as the regiment was expecting every day to be ordered on foreign service.—Deloraine was returned: he endeavoured in vain to excite a smile on my countenance: he thought it was Amelia's absence that was the cause of my sorrow. Alas! he little suspected the canker-worm that gnawed my bleeding heart.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## *Remarkable Instance of* REVIVISCENCE *and* LONGEVITY.

FROM Spain we learn, that, in the house of Don Fernandez Garcia, at Seville, there lately died a servant, at the advanced age of a hundred and six years. During an epidemic which raged, some years since, at Seville, he was supposed to be dead, was carried forth to be buried, and would, no doubt, have been consigned to the grave, if the scene had been in England. In Spain, however, instead of a closed coffin, it is customary to use an open bier, on which the dead body is carried to the place of sepulture, with the face exposed*. To this practice the good old man owed his fortunate escape from a most

---

* It is moreover c[illegible]omary to *paint* the faces of the decea[illegible], at least those of females; and the [illegible]ter of this remark has seen dead face[illegible] [illegible], as any of the living faces in [illegible] under the regal government.—Whether the faces of males are or are not thus painted, his recollection does not at the present moment enable him to decide.

horrible death by subterraneous suffocation: for, at the moment of interment, he showed some slight symptoms of animation, which being noticed by the persons who carried him, he was recalled to life by pouring some wine down his throat.

---

*Extracts from* PALÆPHATUS.
*(Continued from page 20.)*
*Story of* NIOBE.

HAVING lost all her children by death, Niobè caused her own likeness in marble to be placed on their tomb: and this monumental erection gave rise to the fabulous story of her having been converted into stone.—Palæphatus adds that he himself had seen the statue in question.

EUROPA.

A Cretan commander, named *Tauros*, being engaged in war against the Tyrians, carried away captive to his own country several young women, and, among the rest, Europa, daughter of the Tyrian monarch. From the *double-entendre* in the raptor's name *(Tauros* signifying *Bull)*, originated the story of her having been carried off to Crete by a real quadruped bull.

LYNCEUS.

Lynceus is fabled to have possessed so keen a penetration of eye, as enabled him to discern objects under ground.—The real fact is, that *he* first practised the miner's art, and, by digging, discovered veins of copper and other metals—using lamps to give him light in his subterraneous researches.—From these circumstances [illegible] said to see into the bowels of the earth, and there discover its concealed treasures.

*(To be continued.)*

*To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.*

SIR,

THE anecdote, related in your January Magazine, of the wonderful *docility of a sow*, together with the relation (in the same Number) of Mr. Milton's equestrian exploit, reminds me of an anecdote which I have heard from good authority, though I happen to have forgotten the material circumstances of time, place, and person. Your fair readers may nevertheless be assured that the fact is real.—The speed of *race-horses* has been pretty accurately ascertained: but that of *race-pigs* is not so well known. Some time since, however, a farmer (in Yorkshire, I think) put the matter to the test, and undertook, for a considerable wager, to produce a pig, that should, without either whip or spur—without either driving or dragging—fairly run a mile within a very short given time, provided that he himself were allowed to choose the ground.

The wager being accepted, the farmer—more cunning than Phædrus's pig-man* — immediately put his pig "*into training.*" First, having kept the animal fasting in his stye beyond his usual hour of feeding, and then liberated him, he, by the tempting sight and scent of a pail of savoury food, allured the hungry brute to follow him to a particular spot, at the distance of a full mile from his stye; and there he gave him his meal. After a few days of such training, he carried the food to the usual place before he let the pig loose, then leaving him to find the way thither himself: and the

---

* See Dodsley, book 1, fable 41, which is a tolerably fair translation of Phædrus's tale.

result justified his expectations; for the animal, accustomed to get his morning meal regularly at the same place every day, would naturally run to it without a conductor, as soon as set at liberty.

At length, on the day appointed for deciding the bet, the owner —who had taken care to keep his racer on short allowance the preceding day, for the purpose of improving his appetite and his speed—turned forth the ravening animal before a numerous crowd of spectators, who, with astonishment, saw him start forward, not in a heavy swinish trot, but in a full race-horse gallop, which made good his master's promise, and won for him the wager.

CARLOS.

### *The other* WORLD.—*An Anecdote.*

WHEN the Duke of Cumberland was on his way to extirpate the rebels in 1745, a party of his dragoons were foraging near the manse of Newtown. The minister's man, seeing them, took fright, and hid himself, most unfortunately, under what they were in quest of, namely a quantity of straw. The straw was immediately removed, and the man seised. Guilt and fear are very like each other:—the poor man was instantly condemned for a rebel, and suspended on a tree. Scarcely, however, had he felt his own weight, when a distant voice informed the royal soldiers that it was only the minister's man.—The half-hanged ploughman was, of course, immediately cut down, and, after taking time to collect himself, and of course believing he was in the other world, roared out, with much terror, staring at the party, "*Gude G—d! hae th[...] sogers here tu?*"

[This incident probably furnished the ground-work for the story o[f] the *Exciseman in the Coal-pit*, which [...] lately ap-peared in the newspapers.]

### *Anecdotes and Remains of* VOLTAIRE.

(*Continued from page* 34.)

VOLTAIRE was much attached to a young eagle which he kept chained in his court-yard at Ferney. One day the eagle fought two cocks, and was grievously wounded.—Voltaire, in great anxiety, sent an express to Geneva to fetch a man who was in some repute as a farrier. In his impatience he did nothing but wander by turns from the eagle's niche to the window which commands the public road, when at length he perceived his messenger returning, with the much-desired Æsculapius mounted behind him. He utters a cry of joy, flies to meet them, receives his guest with the most distinguished attentions, and lavishes upon him both entreaties and promises, to interest him in favor of his patient. The rustic farrier, aghast at such a reception as he had never been accustomed to, examines the eagle's wounds. Voltaire watches his looks, and tries to read in them his hopes or fears. The doctor, in a consequential tone, replies, "that he cannot pronounce upon the case until the first dressing has been removed:" he promises to visit the eagle again the next morning; and, after receiving a liberal fee, ta[kes] his leave. Voltaire in the [...] the utmost solicitude. At length the doctor declares he cannot answer for the eagle's life. The solicitudes of Voltaire cannot now

he exceeded. His first question every morning to a servant called Madeleine, who came regularly to his chamber to tell him the hour, was — How is my eagle?" — "Poorly, sir, very poorly." At last Madeleine replies to his inquiries, with a laugh of satisfaction, "that the eagle is no longer ill." — "He is cured then? How fortunate!" — "He is dead." — "Dead! my eagle dead! and you laugh when you tell me this news?" — "Really, sir, he was so thin! It is much better that he should be dead." — "How! thin!" cried Voltaire in a fury: "a pretty reason truly! You had better kill *me* too because I am thin: insolent hussey! So you laugh at the death of my poor eagle, because he was thin! You think, because you are fat yourself, that no one has a right to live who does not resemble you! Out of my sight instantly!" — Madame Denis, hearing the vociferation of her uncle, runs to his apartment to inquire the occasion of his anger. Voltaire relates to her what had happened, with frequent repetitions of "thin! thin! . . . She would kill *me* too then!" . . . . In short he desired that Madeleine might be discharged. The considerate niece feigns obedience, and directs the poor girl to keep herself concealed in some part of the house. It was not till two months afterwards that Voltaire inquired what was become of her. "She is very unfortunate," said madame Denis: "she has been constantly rejected by the persons she offered herself to, as soon as they informed them she had been dismissed from Ferney." — "It is her own fault; why did she laugh at the death of my poor eagle because he was thin? . . . . However, she must not starve: let her come back; but, do you hear? let me never see her face?" — "Oh! she will take care enough of that." — "Very well, I suppose so." — We now find Madeleine emerged from her hiding-place, and carefully avoiding the eye of her master. One day, however, Voltaire, at rising from table, falls precisely in her way; Madeleine, in the utmost confusion, blushes, looks down, and stammers out excuses. "Say no more about it," says Voltaire: "but recollect that it is not fair to kill all the persons who happen to be thin."

---

## *The* Parliament-House. — *An Anecdote.*

[*From Sir Jonah Barrington's "Historic Anecdotes of the Legislative Union between G. Britain and Ireland."*]

Some time after the Union had taken place, the author of this memoir felt a melancholy impulse to look into the late Irish House of Parliament. The noble vestibule was occupied as a printing-office: the magnificent dome of the Commons' House had become the habitation of pigeons; and, on turning toward the House of Lords, he saw the word "EXHIBITION" displayed on a board in large golden letters. Surprised at the appearance, he proceeded, and found that a show of *English rams* had occupied the mansion of the *Irish peerage!*

---

## London Morning *and* Evening Dresses.

1. Evening dress of lace (joined) over a colored silk slip.— Head-dress of satin, made full behind, and hanging rather to one side, adorned in front with the regent feathers.

2. *Morning dress.* — A pelisse

*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*

*Morning & Evening Dress.*

N°. 3. 1811.

of plain or figured silk, of a grave color, trimmed with feather-fur; that is, an imitation of fur, composed of feathers, which are died of various colors.—A bonnet the same as the pelisse.

## Bouts-rimés,

*or ends of verses to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ......Strain | ......More | ......Hold | ......Time |
| ......Gain | ......Store | ......Gold | ......Crime |
| | | ......Weep | ......Ground |
| | | ......Sleep | ......Found |
| | | ......Prize | ......Sphere |
| | | ......Eyes | ......Cheer |

*They may be employed in any of these four ways—forward or backward, in the same order as here given—or transposed for alternate rhime, thus—forward,* Strain, more, gain, sore, *&c.—backward,* Cheer, found, sphere, ground, *&c.—The completions will be admissible until the fifteenth of May.*

# POETRY.

*On the Death of the Princess* Amelia.

Oh! say, for whom is toll'd that mournful knell?
For whom this woe, those tears profusely shed?
Ah me! must I the doleful tidings tell?
'Tis for—alas! 'tis for Amelia dead!

Mourn, Britons! mourn! Let grief all hearts o'erflow,
And gen'ral sympathy pervade each breast:
Let 's share our sov'reign's great domestic woe,
For his lov'd child thus sever'd from the rest.

Inexorable Death's uplifted hand
Long hung suspended o'er his matchless prize;
Long, by her couch, he kept his silent stand,
Then clos'd in night those lovely beaming eyes.

Old hoary Time perceiv'd th' approaching storm,
Saw fell Disease, in threat'ning terrors clad,
With racking pains invade her tender form,
And Death's untimely frost around her spread.

He saw; and—griev'd that such transcendent flow'r
Should in its vernal loveliness decay—
He long contended with th' opposing pow'r:
But Death, triumphant, bore his prize away.

O thou relentless tyrant of the tomb!
Why so much virtue in its bloom destroy?
Why to the grave such spotless beauty doom,
And change to woe so rich a source of joy?

Thy triumph's o'er: the fine ethereal soul,
Freed from th' encumb'rance of its mortal clay,
On Seraph wings, impatient of control,
Exulting soars to realms of endless day.

See hosts of angels! Each a golden lyre
Strikes, as they see her pass rejoicing spheres.
With ravish'd ears she joins th' enraptur'd choir,
"Adds joy to heav'n, but leaves the earth in tears."

Anonymous.

*N. Petherton, Feb. 11.*

*Lines, occasioned by hearing the Midnight Peal of* Bells *that welcome the arrival of* Christmas.

I love to sit on Christmas Eve, and watch
The turn of midnight; and I love to hear
The merry peal of bells that welcome Christmas—
'Tis not a midnight hour with horror fraught,
Nor full of dismal fancies: 'tis an hour
Full of kind recollections for the soul;
It brings again the day, long sacred held
In mem'ry of a Saviour's blessed birth,
Who came to sojourn here, a man of grief,
Who came to learn the weakness of our frames,
To be upbraided—scoff'd at—crucified!
And all to make man's peace with angry heav'n.
It is an hour that mem'ry well employs:
'Tis fill'd with recollections of kind friends,
Who still, as Christmas has arriv'd, have met,

And pass'd the day in peace and holy
joys: [heav'n,
Some of them gone perhaps to live in
And hail this hour's return with angel
choirs; [dawn,
Others still left to greet the morrow's
And share another day of earthly bliss.
But most I love the hour for this:—
When young,
I lost a mother's care, a mother's love!
But still a father fill'd the place of both—
A father, kind as is the dew that falls
On summer's rose.—He, on this night,
would sit,
As I do now, to listen to the bells.
Then but a boy, he oft would say to me,
"Y[illegible] mother lov'd this hour; and so
do I. [peal."
For many years, we miss'd not yonder
A tear, that stood within his aged eye,
Explain'd the feelings that then check'd
his voice, [world!
Better than all the language in the
My father first, in such an hour as this,
Taught me the game of cribbage.—Well
I know, [horror;
There are who hold the name of cards in
Who deem all those that dare to play
with them,
Outcasts of heaven, and unfit to live;
Whose rancor would not hesitate to say,
That man is damn'd who dares to do
so.—Fie! [these!—
Fie on such would-be pious souls as
I'll hold with them that cards *then* sinful
are, [deep,
When us'd in wild excess; when, gaming
Ruin may follow on the heels of chance!
Excess makes all things sinful:—even
those
Who make of Piety a surly monster,
And shut out ev'ry thing that sounds like
joy, [form'd,
I deem most sinful.—Man's so weakly
form'd,
That joy is necessary, now and then,
To keep his mind in tone: else should we
see
Madness more common than, alas! it is!
I would not part with what small joy I
feel, [mean,
When playing cribbage—inward joy, I
In memory of him who taught it me—
No, not for all the gloominess of soul
Felt by whole sects of groaning misan-
thropes!
Hear then my humble pray'r, O
heav'n! and grant
That many years I yet may live, to hear
This pealing welcome-in of Christmas-
day:
Fill my soul full of gratitude to God,
For so permitting me to live; and grant,
That, as those years pass by, I yet may
find [cribbage.
A friend or wife to share my game of
'Twill better all my feelings, and will be
A kind memento still to thank high
heav'n!
I fear I am the first who ever pray'd
That heav'n would give him life to play
at cards:
Yet, as the motive is the greatest thing,
(And heav'n can tell our motives best) I
hope [stain,
Mine will be found as free from sinful
As many a pray'r that sounds more
piously! J. M. L.

BOUTS-RIMÉS.

[*The Completions of the* Bouts-rimés *proposed in our last Number are postponed till next month, agreeably to the notice already given. Meantime, however, we present to our readers (though rather late) the following new Completions of those offered in our last year's* Supplement *and our Number for* January—*both from our ingenious correspondent,* JOANNA SQUIRE, *whose absence from town prevented her from seeing the proposed rhimes before the end of February.*]

*Supplement.*

WHEN spring, returning, melts the soul to
*love,* [*grove,*
And wakes to joy each tenant of the
Oh! how I love 'midst rural scenes to
*stray,*
When sober twilight, clad in mantle *grey,*
Invites the mind contemplative to *roam,*
And sends the weary peasant, to his
*home*— [Plenty's *horn,*
That peaceful home, where though, from
No luscious draughts pour down, yet,
ev'ry *morn,* [*care,*
Hope, cheering hope, soft banisher of
And Health, who loves the rustic garb to
*wear,* [*alone*:—
Await him with sweet smiles; nor these
Domestic sweets (which oft, with envious
*moan,* [seem *light,*
The rich man views) make the hard task
And charm him, when, to glad his anxious
*sight,* [*end,*
The shadows rise, the day's long toil to
And point to home, and rest, the poor
man's *friend.*

*January.*

HAIL! queen of sweets! whose beauteous
tribe we *see* [*bee,*
Expand their foliage to th' industrious

Who, ever stooping to thy humblest *flow'rs*,
Explores the wild, and wantons in the *bow'rs*,
Sips healing sweetness on the painted *green*,
And tastes each flow'r that decks the cultur'd *scene*,
Nor quits the luscious labor, 'till the *sun*,
Hast'ning in other climes his course to *run*,
Charms distant beings with his cheering *blaze*,
And bids fresh flowrets blush beneath his *rays*;—
Then, homewards flying with the balmy *store*,
Regains the hive, nor seeks 'till morn for *more*;
Fearless, unconscious of the dire *reward*,
The murd'rous purpose of his wily *lord*,
Who, treach'rous, lurks unheeded, 'till too *late*
To 'scape the horrors of a dreadful *fate**.

* An allusion to the cruel and ungrateful practice of smothering the bees, to obtain their honey. Edit.

---

### C. Henery *to* Mary.

The charms which blooming beauty shows
From faces heav'nly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare—

With semblance apt; for, ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay!
The lily droops; the rose is gone;
And beauty fades away.

But, when bright virtue shines confess'd,
With sweet discretion join'd —
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind—

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle gen'rous, chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate,
These graces shall endure —
Still, like the passions they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

---

### *Suspended* Friendship.

*To William Mann, of Ashburton, Devon.*

"Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear.
The absent claims a sigh, the dead a tear."

All hail, thou rarest of my friends,
My mirror, and my Mentor too!
The theme I sing my bosom rends—
The soul-depressing, sad adieu.

Oh! from the heart-dejecting sound
Disparted friendship's pangs accrue.
Keen shall I feel dejection's wound,
When mem'ry chimes thy kind adieu.

'Twas thou who bad'st my fancy wing
Where scenes Arcadian rise to view —
To sip the Heliconian spring,
And sing the sorrows of adieu.

Hard was the task from thee to part:—
'Tis rare to find a friend so true.—
Thy tuneful lyre inspir'd my heart
With joy—now sadden'd by adieu

Three times has Ceres deck'd the hills,
Three times has Flora clad the yew,
Three times has Boreas chain'd the rills,
Since I receiv'd thy last adieu.

Ophthalmia then, with rigor dire,
Had spread her veil of sombre hue —
Had quench'd that lustrous visual fire,
That sparkled at our first adieu.

Now Fancy views thee joyless stray,
O'er plains that once could charm thy view,
With lyre unstrung, in wild dismay,
Bidding to former joys adieu.

Where'er thou wand rest, let me hear:
Let Friendship now her theme renew:
Her sacred mandates still revere:
Oh! blunt the barbed sting.—Adieu.

A. K.

---

### *To a Lady, on seeing her blush. By the Khalif Radhi Billah.*

*(From Carlyle's "Specimens of Arabian Poetry.")*

Leila! whene'er I gaze on thee,
My alter'd cheek turns pale,
While upon thine, sweet maid, I see
A deep'ning blush prevail.

Leila! shall I the cause impart
Why such a change takes place?
The crimson stream deserts my heart,
To mantle on thy face.

---

### *The Seven* Sisters; *or, the Solitude of Binnorie.*

*By Mr. Wordsworth.*

Sev'n daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother:
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland of seven lilies wrought!
Sev'n sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold knight as ever fought,
Their father, took of them no thought;
He lov'd the wars so well.

Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering.
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The sev[illegible]id, and in the shade
They lie, like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left to right—
Of your fair household, father knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Away the sev'n fair Campbells fly;
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud and insult loud,
The youthful rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home.
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run and cry, "Nay, let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desp'rate leap
Together plung'd into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For these sev'n lovely Campbells.
Sev'n little islands, green and bare,
Have ris'n from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair
By fairies are [illegible] buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

*Picture of* WALLACE, *the Scottish Hero, at the Battle of Falkirk*, A. D. 1298.
(*From Miss Holford's "Wallace, or the Battle of Falkirk."*)

OH, Wallace thy bold unruffled brow
Speaks the calm of a noble mind,
Thou hast drank of the wave at the ebb and the flow,
Thou standest like an oak, while tempests blow,
Unbent by the wavering wind,
And the bursting flame, or the midnight flood!
'Mid horror's wildest scene,
When the brooks of thy country are swollen with blood,
Unshaken, thy soul still holds her mood,
And thy brow is still serene!
In the heat of destruction's fatal day
Thy cheek it wax'd not pale,
Though the soul of a friend still flitted away
On every passing gale:
Nor on their heads, how dear soe'er,
Dropp'd from thine eye one funeral tear,
Nor heav'd thy heart one farewell sigh,
As the soldier met his destiny;
Nor private joy nor grief he knows,
Whose bosom is fill'd with his country's woes.

*The* TOADS.—*To a Naturalist.*

You ask how it happens that toads are ne'er seen
Near a nobleman's house, in his park or his green?—
I'll tell you at once, for I'm certain I'm able:—
The toads are all *eating*, my friend, at his table.

*Le Valet bien avisé.*

CHEZ Cléon, grand dissipateur,
Pour le servir, un valet se présente.
"Votre nom?" dit Cléon.—"Je me nomme Lafleur:
J'ai l'humeur douce et prévenante;
Et je suis un garçon d'honneur."—
"Vous n'êtes pas valet de contrebande?
Des répondans—vous en avez?"—
"Expliquez moi, monsieur, comment vous l'entendez;
Car c'est moi qui vous en demande."

*** *Translations or imitations will be received till the fifteenth of May.*

# FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Bahama Islands experienced, in the month of November, some of the severest gales of wind ever known to have prevailed in that quarter—200 vessels were lost, many souls perished, and incalculable damage was sustained by the planters.

*Mexico.*—Advices of Novem. 10, state, that, in the government hall of that city, there had been a meeting, at which the principal officers and inhabitants attended, and the marquis de San Roman presided. It was on this occasion determined to raise a number of battalions, to be distinguished by the name of the regiments of Ferdinand the 7th. The viceroy was to be the commander of the whole; and all residents in the city, natives as well as Spaniards, above the age of 16, and not enlisted elsewhere, were to be enrolled in this corps.

*Chili.*—Letters of November 20 state, that the inhabitants of Chili had followed the example of those of Buenos Ayres, in electing a Junta.—The troops of the latter had arrived at Ingeoy, and were received with open arms. The governor of Paraguay, who was marching to Santa Fé, had returned to his government, finding the inhabitants very little inclined to assist him. No doubts were entertained of the ultimate success of the Juntas.

*West Florida* has been peaceably given up to the United States.

*Buenos Ayres, Dec.* 11.—The army of Buenos Ayres, which was sent to the interior, has had a decisive engagement with the opposite party in Chuquisarca in Potosi, and I have no doubt but by this time that part of the viceroyalty is completely subjected to the authority of the Junta. Belgrano, with a force of about 2,000 men, is in Paraguay, where as yet he has met with no resistance; for the people are almost unanimous in favor of the change.

*Florida.*—In a debate in the American Congress, (*Decem.* 30) on the subject of West Florida, a letter was read from Talleyrand to the American Secretary of State, dated in 1803 or 4, where he declared that "the government of France never intended to convey any title to the United States beyond the Ibberville."

*Ragusa.—Jan.* 11, General Marmont, duke of Ragusa, and governor of the Illyrian provinces, issued an edict, sequestrating the property of all Austrian subjects within those provinces.

*Constantinople, Jan.* 19.—The greatest activity prevails in our arsenal and docks. It is supposed that the Black Sea fleet will be increased by one-third against the beginning of Spring. A prohibition has issued against speaking of peace in the coffee-houses, the walks, or other public places.

*Petersburg, Jan.* 19.—A levy is ordered in Russia of 100,000 men. At the Russian capital, the stone theatre, more capacious than the late Drury-lane, has been burned to the ground.

*Jan.* 23.—The fate of Servia will be soon decided. Several Russian corps from Wallachia are on their march thither. It is reported that Georges Petrowitz has declared that he had no occasion for troops at Belgrade; that the enemy were not there but at Nissa, and on the banks of the Drina. It is said that the Russians have numerous partisans in Servia, who are desirous that that province should put itself under the protection of the Emperor Alexander.

*Washington.*—On the 25th of January, a committee was appointed from the House of Representatives, to examine into the state of the dock yards, with a view to naval preparations; and the War Department has issued an order for recommencing the recruiting service throughout the States.

*Alicant, Jan.* 25.—The whole number of the sufferers by the epidemia in Carthagena amounted to 4,469.

*Frankfort.*—On the 29th of January, an edict was issued by the Grand Duke of Frankfort, ordering a conscription of 2,800 men for the service of France, and declaring that no rank or situation can be considered exceptions, but every individual, without reserve, shall be compelled to serve or find a substitute.

*St. Michael's (Azores).*—On the 31st of January, a most awful and tremendous explosion of smoke and flames issued from the sea, at the distance of half a league, or two English miles from the shore, in the western direction of our island. From the bowels of the inflammatory substance, forming it's passage

upwards of 80 fathoms deep in the ocean, issued smoke, fire, cinders, ashes, and stones, of an immense size. Innumerable quantities of different kinds of fish, some nearly roasted, and others as if broiled, floated on the surface of the sea towards the shore.

*France.*—A decree, of Feb. 3, directs 80,000 conscripts, out of the 120,000 of 1811, to be called into service.

*Hamburg, Feb.* 4. — Many counting-houses of the principal merchants are shut up; money is extremely scarce, and trade in a condition of total stagnation.

*Vienna, Feb.* 9.—Notwithstanding the ru[illegible]ours of peace which prevail, the Porte has [illegible] [illegible]trictest orders to all the Pachas to be [illegible] [illegible]eir contingents to com[illegible]ce the campaign in the spring, so soon as the season will allow.

The senates of Lubeck and Bremen were suppressed on the 10th of February, and that of Hamburg five days afterwards.

*Portugal.*— By dispatches from Lord Wellington, of Feb. 14, it appears that no event of importance had taken place previous to that date.

*Russia.*—A Russian general has been arrested and thrown into prison, on the charge of having traitorously disclosed to Caulincourt, the French minister, the strength, positions, and resources of the Russian military forces.

*Rotterdam, Feb.* 16. — Many *soi-disant* dramatic societies have been shut by order of the governor-general, who has directed that those remaining should be carefully watched by the police, who are commanded to shut up all those whose institution or appearance affords ground of complaint.

*Corunna, Feb.* 16. — At Oviedo the French commandant issued an order, that all males should enlist in the armies of King Joseph, between the ages of 16 and 46, whether single or married. The inhabitants, on hearing of this mandate, fled to the mountains, and did not return until the rescript was withdrawn.

*Lisbon, Feb.* 19.—The number of the French sick in the hospitals of Santarem, where the magnificent convents are converted into rec[illegible]ptacles for the infirm, is above ten tho[illegible]sand.

*France.*—A [illegible]ecree has been issued on the 23d of Fe[illegible]ry, directing that the prisoners of war shall be organised into 30 battalions, [illegible]ely, 15 for laboring on for[illegible]ifications and 15 for working on bri[illegible] a[illegible] road[illegible] Every battalion to be composed of 400 prisoners, commanded by a French officer, and 12 sub-officers. The prisoners to be paid by the day, measure, or task, the same as other workmen. The expence of their food, clothing, fuel, lodging, and medical attendance on the sick, to be deducted from their pay, and the rest to be placed at their disposal as pocket money.

*Artificial Memory.*— At the Lyceum at Pau, a new system of artificial memory is taught, different from all preceding ones, and which, it is pretended, enables students, in three lessons, of two hours each, to undergo examinations in the most difficult and abstract sciences.

*Hamburg, Feb.* 26.—The bank of Vienna has been greatly embarrassed by the war contributions to France, and the nobles of Hungary have made (what is called) a voluntary contribution to alleviate the public distresses. The taxes are extremely burthensome to the subjects of Austria, and it is said that some resistance had been made to their collection.

A new decree has been issued by Bonaparte, prohibiting the postmasters, booksellers, and others, to circulate, in the departments of Holland and those of the Ems, any newspapers, periodical journals, or musical works printed in the department of the Mouths of the Rhine; and also interdicts the introduction of similar works printed in the two first into any part of the latter.

All the troops which had been stationed on the banks of the Elbe, the Ems, and the Weser, have marched into the interior; but, for what purpose, is not ascertained.

A *shark*, twenty-three feet long, was caught in February a little below New-York. In the maw of the animal were found the head and legs of a youth who had been drowned about an hour before.

*Hamburg, March* 1. — The Hamburg bank has not yet been seised, but the city troops have been marched off, in consequence of a part of them refusing to wear the French cockade.

*Hamburg, March* 2.—The French troops in this vicinity have received orders to march for the interior of Germany; and a considerable corps, say 20 or 30,000 are already said to have arrived on the frontiers of Prussia. The Duke of Oldenberg (brother-in-law to Alexander) received a courier from St. Petersburg, in consequence of which he has quitted his territory.

*Hamburg, March* 4.—It has been determined by France to annex Oldenburg to her empire: her troops have already taken possession of the territory; and the duke, with his whole family, has sought refuge in St. Petersburg.

*Majorca.*—An establishment is said to be now forming in Majorca, for the purpose of training the Spaniards under British officers. Arms, accoutrements, and cloathing are preparing in England for the equipment of 30,000 men in Majorca, all Spaniards, who are to be sent into Spain 10,000 at a time, when they are perfect in the use of arms, and the necessary manœuvres.

*France.*—The Sulpicians, latterly the bulwark of orthodoxy and discipline in France, are suppressed. Seven hundred priests, taken in the different parts of Spain, have been banished to the mountains in Valais, and allowed only three sols per day for their support. The cardinals, natives of the Ecclesiastical States, are in separate prisons in France, and prohibited to appear in any part of their costume dress, for refusing to swear allegiance to Bonaparte, as their rightful sovereign. Twenty-three bishops are, in like manner, imprisoned.

*March* 5. Norway is as near to a condition of tranquillity as wretchedness and penury will allow. The paper of the Danish government is in so little credit, that to the value of 500*l.* in that form has been given for 100*l.* in a negociable shape on England.

*France, March* 6.—The recent embargo has produced a stagnation of trade, attended with very mischievous consequences. Money is extremely scarce; and no fewer than 46 houses in Paris and Flanders have failed.

*March* 7.—The French emperor has decreed, that the knowledge of the dead languages is not necessary for holding any public situation, or taking any degree in the national institutions of France. All public proceedings are to be conducted and registered in the French language, and the prescriptions of physicians are likewise to be written in that tongue.

A gentleman, who has within these few days arrived from Hamburg, describes the situation of that city as most deplorable under the new administrator, Davoust. He says, that the rich are reduced to indigence, and that the poor subsist by pilfering and smuggling. The bank still continued its negotiations; but fears were constantly entertained of the strong arm of power being raised against it. The senate, according to the ancient constitution, was dissolved.

*Abyssinia.*—By a ship lately returned thence to England, we learn that the king of that country received Mr. Salt, the British agent, with particular respect and distinction; and the few but well-selected presents delivered by the latter, produced a very favorable disposition in the personage on whom they were conferred. Much opposition had been given by some artful and industrious French itinerants, but the English interest had ultimately and completely prevailed, and for the first time in this remote Christian country, prayers are offered up for the life of George the Third, on the Sabbath day, in the same [illegible] for the native sovereig[illegible]earce, an associate of Mr. Salt, who [illegible] left at Massowah to learn the language of the country, was found by him in perfect health. Mr. Salt was introduced to the king of Abyssinia at his capital, Antalow: and we understand that an opening is made for commercial intercourse.

*Diabolic Cruelty.*—A most atrocious instance of cruelty is related in an American paper of a late date. A negro-woman, who had run away from a man of the name of Sledd, to whom she had been hired, having been brought back, her inhuman master deliberately prepared a strong decoction of red pepper and tobacco: the woman was stripped and tied up; and having been scored and cut, and bruised, was bathed and fomented with the decoction! She was then scored and cut again, and again fomented, and thus alternately, until Mr. Sledd's notions of necessary correction were completely glutted! The woman being then unbound, crawled to a rivulet near the house, and there expired! The counsel on the trial of Sledd maintained the master's right to correct the slave, and that there was no precise limit set for correction. He also maintained, that although the correction should eventuate in death, or that death should ensue, yet, unless the determination in the master to kill, was plainly proved, the crime did not amount to, or constitute murder. Sophistry was, in this instance, successful; and, instead of being hung, Sledd was only sent to the Penitentiary for two years!!

*America.*—An Americ[illegible] paper states, that "1,037 persons ar[illegible]mployed in the manufacture of w[illegible]s shoes in the town of Lynn, [illegible]achussetts. They produce annually 987,[illegible] shoes, the materials of which cost abo[illegible] 500,00[illegible] dol-

lars, and when manufactured are worth about 800,000 dollars, giving 300,000 as the reward of the labor. Of this sum, 40,395 dollars, annually, is the product of the work of females, in binding, &c. the shoes."

*Slave Trade.*---The number of vessels condemned at Goree, for having been found engaged in the slave trade on the African coast, was, up to October, 1810, two ships, six brigs, and eight schooners (Spanish and Portuguese), besides two ships, three brigs, and two schooners, detained for trial.

# DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty.*

From the best intelligence that we have been able to procure, it appears, his majesty has been in an un-interrupted state of rapidly progressive improvement for some time s[illegible] the date of our last publi[illegible] (*Feb.* 17.)—enjoying frequent interviews with different members of his family, and other persons—cheerfully conversing with them—and daily walking on the Terrace for air and exercise, when not prevented by the weather. In these walks, however, he was constantly attended by two or more of the medical gentlemen, of whom Dr. Willis was always one.

Early in March, it was reported, that, in consequence of the result of a council held by the queen on the 2d, his majesty had suffered some irritation, or "*exacerbation*" (as it was termed by Sir Harry Halford, one of his physicians), of which neither the nature nor the degree has been sufficiently explained, to enable us to give our readers any satisfactory account of it. But, whatever it was, he was soon reported to have recovered from it, and returned to his former train of amendment.

On the 12th, he began to walk out unaccompanied by any of the physicians; and, after a few days, it was thought that they might soon be discharged from their attendance on him—all, except Dr. Willis. So flattering, indeed, were appearances at this time, that many persons fondly anticipated his speedy resumption of the regal office; which was likewise said to be earnestly desired by his majesty himself. At this period, too, it was announced to the public, as the opinion of his physicians, that the appearance of a fissure in the f[illegible]n which had so long obscured his sig[illegible]t, indicated the present moment as the [illegible]recise time for his majesty to underg[illegible] operation of couching, with a most [illegible]ring prospect of success. But, [illegible]

S[illegible]denly, [illegible] the morning of the 17th, the lord chancellor waited on the regent with a report from the physicians, that "his majesty had relapsed into that state in which it had become necessary to prevent his seeing any of his family." It is said, however, that he has not suffered any paroxysm; but that the degree of irritation which he has felt since the prospect was held out of his return to public business, has excited, in the minds of the physicians, a doubt of the propriety of his continuing that familiar intercourse with his family, which has served to agitate his spirits, and to beget an impatience of mind unfavorable to the progress of his recovery.

His majesty, however, has since appeared in public---having, on the 19th, twice taken the air on the Terrace---the latter time, un-accompanied by any of his medical attendants.

On the 20th, his majesty again walked on the Terrace, in the morning and afternoon.

*Irish Catholics.*

In our last Number, we gave Mr. Secretary Pole's circular letter, of Feb. 12, ordering the imprisonment of all Catholics in any wise concerned in the election of delegates to the Catholic committee; and some arrests are said to have taken place in consequence of it. That measure (as Mr. Perceval explicitly declared in the house of commons) was adopted without the consent or knowledge of the regent; immediately after, viz. on the 13th, camp equipage was delivered out to the troops, and every preparation made for taking the field.

At Galway, a meeting of Catholics of the town and county having been intended to be held on the 18th, to appoint persons to act for them in the general Catholic committee, the mayor, in obedience to the circular letter, gave public notice on the 14th, that he would cause to be arrested all persons within his jurisdiction, who should be "guilty of giving or having given, or of publishing or

having published, any written or other notice of the election or appointment of any such representative, delegate, or manager."

*Feb.* 23. As the Catholic committee in Dublin were in the act of assembling, two magistrates entered, and announced that they had been directed by government to "*order*" the meeting to disperse. Lord French, being called to the chair, questioned the legality of such proceeding, and recommended to the magistrates to return to Mr. Secretary Pole for further instructions. One of them accordingly went, and brought back Mr. Pole's answer, that it was not the intention of government to prevent the Catholic committee from meeting to prepare or forward their petition, and that Mr. Pole would be happy to see Lord French.—His lordship refused to hold any "private solitary dialogue" with the secretary; and, with the approbation of the assembly, he nominated five gentlemen to accompany him at the proposed interview.—In the evening of the same day, Lord French received a note from Mr. Pole, stating that "*if* his lordship or any other of the Catholic gentlemen wished to see him," he would defer his departure for England, &c. Next morning, Lord French, for himself and the other gentlemen, returned an answer, expressing that it was not from any wish on *their* part, but merely in compliance with *his* wish "*distinctly*" expressed by the magistrate above mentioned, that they were ready to wait on the secretary; whereupon, Mr. Pole, the same day, wrote to Lord French a letter concluding thus—"As it now appears that your lordship has no communication to make to government, I have only to request your lordship to believe that I have no desire to give your lordship or the other gentlemen any further trouble."

*March* 8. At an aggregate meeting of the Catholics in Dublin, attended by three thousand of that body and a number of respectable Protestant gentlemen, it was unanimously resolved to present an address to the regent, praying "that he may order an inquiry to be instituted into the private evidence upon which the late circular letter, signed W. W. Pole, has been declared to have been grounded, and when it shall, on such inquiry, as it must, appear that no such evidence does exist, that his royal highness be graciously pleased to remove Charles, Duke of Richmond, and the Right Hon. W. W. Pole, from their official situations in the government of this country."

*March* 26. The committee passed resolutions strongly reprobative of the measure adopted against the Catholics, and "pledging themselves to each other and to their fellow-sufferers, unremittingly to persevere in, and never to abate from, any constitutional effort, until they shall finally accomplish their common freedom."

*Libels.*

In the court of King's Bench, Feb. 22, John Hunt and Leigh Hunt—the former printer and publisher, and both proprietors of the "*Examiner*" newspaper—were tried on a charge of libel, in republishing, from the "*Stamford News*," a piece animadverting on the British system of military [illegible] and particularly on the sentence of "*a thousand lashes*" passed on a soldier—a publication, calculated (it was alleged) to "create disaffection in the minds of the soldiers of this country."—Verdict "*Not guilty*."

At Lincoln assises, March 13, John Drakard, printer of the "*Stamford News*," was pronounced *guilty* of libel in the original publication of the piece above mentioned.—His counsel laying great stress on the acquittal of Messrs. Hunt, the counsel for the prosecution observed that they had omitted the most exceptionable part.

Mr. Finnerty—condemned (as mentioned in our last Number) to imprisonment in Lincoln gaol for a libel on Lord Castlereagh—is said to have remonstrated against his confinement in a felon's cell. He has, however, found some friends at Lincoln: Mr. Osbaldeston is said to have sent him a carpet; and others have also testified their desire to mitigate the severity of his confinement.—In London, a meeting took place on the 20th of February, to raise a subscription for him. Sir F. Burdett filled the chair; and the sums subscribed soon amounted to near two hundred and forty pounds.—Subscriptions have also been opened for him at Belfast, Newry, and Lisburn.

*Quartern Wheaten Loaf.*—*Feb.* 21st, fourteen pence three farthings.—*Feb.* 28th, the same.—*March* 7th, 14th, and 21st, the same.

*Taxed Carts.*—Feb. 11. On an appeal against the assessment of a taxed cart provided with a *cushion*, but in other respects conformable to the [illegible]t, the judges at Westminster decid[illegible] it was liable to the higher rate of duty, viz. 2*l.* 10*s.*, instead of 1*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

*Feb.* 20. The Rev. Mr. Bingham was conveyed, from the house of correction at Lewes, (where he had been for some time previously confined) to Horsham goal, to be tried on a charge of having wilfully set fire to his own house.

*Bigamy.---Old Bailey, Feb.* 26. John Liles was sentenced to seven years' transportation, for having married a second wife while his first was yet living. He pleaded that he and his first wife had parted by mutual consent, and left each other at liberty to marry again; but this plea was of no avail.

At the Leicester sessions, a man was sentenced to be transported for seven y[ea]rs for having two wives; and his wife at the same t[ime] w[as se]ntenced to be imprisoned for one ye[ar], for [h]aving two husbands; and, at the Kent sessions, a man was sentenced to be imprisoned two years, for having three wives.

*Feb.* 26. Hadje Hassan, embassador from the Dey of Algiers, had his first private audience of the regent, to deliver his credentials.

*Feb.* 28. Wm. Pinkney, Esq. the American minister plenipotentiary, had his audience of leave of the prince regent, preparatory to his quitting this country.

*March* 5. Ann Prowse, a pauper of the parish of Burgan, in Cornwall, who had for some time been confined in a state of derangement, contrived to make her escape from the person who had charge of her, and to set fire to two dwelling-houses at Burgan, both of which were entirely consumed; the unfortunate woman then hanged herself. She was found handcuffed, and the chains, by which she had been fastened, were on her person.

*Woman-selling.* --- At Sittingbourne, a few days since, a woman of the name of Coveney, was led by a halter into a public house, and there sold to the highest bidder, together with five children, a horse and cart, and all her household furniture.---The entire lot was knocked down for *ten pounds.*

*Forgery.*---A man having taken part of a furnished house in Francis-street, Bedford-square, without giving any reference (he having offered to deposit three months' rent in advance, and made a great show of mon[e]y), hired a servant the next day, who ha[d] advertised for a situation, and sent hi[m] immediately with a check to a banking-[house], for 2090*l.* which was paid without h[esit]ation.---On receiving the money, t[he] swindler decamped.

*Broken heart.*---A woman, of the name of White, whose son was executed at Newgate on the 7th of March, having taken leave of him on the preceding evening, immediately took to her bed, from which she never rose again, but fell a victim to excessive grief, on the 8th.

*Painting.* --- Mr. West having nearly completed a masterly picture of our *Saviour's Miracles,* which he intended to send to America, the subscribers to the British Institution, wishing to keep it in the country, subscribed, for the purchase of it, *three thousand guineas* --- the sum which Mr. West was to have received on sending it abroad.

*March* 11. The House of Commons voted a loan of six millions for the relief of merchants and manufacturers laboring under the pressure of the times.

A skate, of twelve hundred weight, is said to have been lately caught in the Frith of Forth, and presented to Lord Elgin.

*Riots.---March* 12. The workmen, at Nottingham, to the number of one thousand, assembled in the market-place, and from thence proceeded in a body to Arnold, a distance of about five miles, when their numbers were increased to between two and three thousand. Thus augmented in strength, they shortly evinced a determination to adopt measures of violence, and parties proceeded to enter the houses and destroy the frames of several of the manufacturers. The cause assigned for these afflicting outrages was the extreme distress suffered by themselves and families, in consequence of the stoppage of work.

*Public Money.*---From a late investigation by a committee of the house of commons, it appears, that, of an annual parliamentary grant of 1,628*l.* for the poor of St. Martin's in the Fields, the parish never receives above *eighty* pounds.

*Westminster Address.---March* 18. At a meeting of the inhabitants householders of Westminster, an address to the prince regent was proposed by Major Cartwright, and unanimously adopted by the assembly, congratulating him on his appointment---expressing regret for the restrictions on his power---reprobating, in very strong language, the conduct of ministers during the greater part of his present majesty's reign---and urgently calling for a reform in the parliamentary representation of the people.

*Booking of Parcels.---Court of Requests,*

*March* 19.---A person had paid for booking a parcel to be sent by a stage-waggon. It was *not* booked:---it was lost. The owner swearing she had paid for booking it, the proprietors of the waggon were condemned to pay the value, and all expenses.

*Stage-Coach.*—*March* 12, at Hereford assises, a verdict, with 80*l.* damages, was obtained against the proprietors of a Cambridge coach, by a passenger who had been thrown from the roof, and severely bruised, in consequence of the carriage being overturned by furious driving.

*March* 20. The Bank of England announced by public advertisement that the token *dollars* are in future to pass for *five shillings and sixpence.*

BIRTHS.

*Feb.* 18. The Hon. Mrs. Thomas, Orchard-street, of a son.

*Feb.* 19. Mrs. Peter, Woburn-place, of a daughter.

*Feb.* 26. Mrs. Bonham, Portland-place, of a daughter.

*Feb.* 27. Mrs. Robbins, Lincoln's-inn-fields, of a son.

*Feb.* 27. Mrs. Hornby, Portland-place, of a son.

*March* 1. Mrs. Trapand, Potter's-bar, near Barnet, of a daughter.

*March* 2. Mrs. Thomson, Charleton, of a daughter.

*March* 11. Mrs. Hayman, Montague-street, Russell-square, of a daughter.

*March* 12. Mrs. Curtis, Portland-place, of a daughter.

*March* 14. Mrs. Plummer, Streatham, Surrey, of a daughter.

*March* 15. Lady Georgiana Barnes, of a daughter.

*March* 16. Lady Elizabeth Loftus, of a daughter.

*March* 18. Lady Frances Bentinck, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

*Feb.* 16. G. Brown, Esq. of Bombay, to Miss ——— Roberts, of Grittleton-house, Wilts.

*Feb.* 21. John Alnutt, Esq. Clapham Common, to Miss Eleanora Brandram.

*Feb.* 21. John Evans, Esq. Saltash, to Miss Mugg.

*Feb.* 22. Brigade-major, Captain Henry Grove, to Mrs. Barton, Tunbridge Wells.

*Feb.* 25. Sir John Twisden, Bart. to Miss Coppard.

*Feb.* 25. Colonel Charles Boye, of the Bombay army, to Miss Ann Aldons, Fitzroy-street.

*Feb.* 26. Thomas Perrott, Esq. Lieutenant-Colonel of the Oxfordshire Militia, to Miss Davies.

*March* 2. R. M. Tighe, Esq. to the only daughter of Sir Patrick Macdermot, Bart.

*March* 2. Silvester D. Wilson, Esq. to Miss Battersbee, Stratford upon Avon.

*March* 2. Wm. Peere Williams, Esq. to Miss Blancowe.

Lately, Augustus Bayson, Esq. Nelson's-square, to Miss Elizabeth Chambers.

*March* 5. G. Trower, Esq. of Clapton, to Miss Kemble.

*March* 8. At Gretna Green, the Hon. Charles Evan Law, son of Lord Ellenborough, to Eliz. Sophia, sister of Sir C Nightingale, Bart.

*March* 12. J. W. Paxton, Esq. of the India Company's service, to Miss Frances Patrickson.

*March* 14. Samuel Gower Poole, Esq. of Chelsea, to Miss Helen Hall.

*March* 15. Robert Wardlaw, Esq. to Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcarras.

DEATHS.

*Feb.* 12. Edward Manners, Esq. Goadby Hall, Leicestershire.

*Feb.* 14. The Rev. Philip Wodehouse, prebendary of Norwich.

*Feb.* 15. The Rev. Edward Stone, rector of Horundon, Bucks.

*Feb.* 18. The Duke of Albuquerque. This patriotic nobleman had published in Spain a spirited manifesto, to which a mercantile party in Cadiz printed an answer, vilifying and abusing him in terms that threw him into a paroxysm of rage, which produced delirium, and terminated in his death. He was buried, with great pomp, in Westminster Abbey.

*Feb.* 20. Lady Elizabeth Heron.

*Feb.* 24. In his 86th year, the Earl of Cardigan.

*Feb.* 25. In his 75th year, Henry Hope, Esq. formerly of Amsterdam, the most eminent merchant of his time. He was descended from the noble family of the Hopes in Scotland, though himself a native of Boston in New England; and has left a property of above a million sterling.

*Feb.* 26. The Rev. Jo[illegible] Tucker, rector of Gravesend.

Lately, Rear-Admir[illegible] George Countess.

*March* 1. The R. H. Charles Marsham, Earl of Romney, &c.

*March* 3. Mrs. Moffat, Portman-square.

*March* 3. Mrs. Lyell, Saville-row.

*March* 8. Mrs. Maling, daughter of the late Sir W. More, Bart.

*March* 8. The Right Hon. John, Lord Colville, of Culross, in his 88th year.

Lately, the Lady of Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Stuart, Bart.

*March* 11. Mrs. Molyneux, sister of Sir Francis Molyneux, Bart.

*March* 14. In his 75th year, the Duke of Grafton.

*March* 18. Aged 87. Mrs. Leigh, relict of the late Se[illegible] Leigh.

*Longevity.*—*Feb.* 27. Died, at Crimond, in Scotland, John Cowie, in his 108th year.

*March* 6. At Norwood Green, Middlesex, Mary Rouse, aged 102.

APPENDIX.

*Small Pox.*---We have great pleasure in observing, that, from the augmenting practice of vaccination, the mortality from small pox is rapidly decreasing. That fatal contagion has been until lately disseminated, not only by the obstinacy of a few advertising practitioners, but also by an extensive inoculation of small pox, carried on at the Finsbury Dispensary. The governors of that institution having become acquainted with this practice, most humanely put a total stop to it; and the good effects of this interdiction appear very strikingly in the bills of mortality. For instead of between thirty and forty dying weekly of small pox, as occurred during a great part of the winter, the deaths in the four last weeks are from three to eight.

*French Prisoners.*---Near five hundred French prisoners have lately been sent home from England *gratuitously*, and a still greater number are intended to be liberated in the same manner.

*Floating Island.*---A small island of the Danube, called Engel, near Richment, has exhibited the phænomenon of a floating island. In the memory of the oldest persons, it had remained stationary until May last, when the rapidity and pressure of the stream are supposed to have detached its bottom: its inclination is unifor[illegible] to [illegible]ight bank of the river; but its [illegible] not perceptible. Since May, it [illegible] made a progress of about eight miles; and, what is not the least singular, it has, from the eager and unabated curiosity of the Germans, made the fortunes of three persons who obtained a temporary proprietorship of it.

*Shocking Accident.*---During the representation of a new tragedy at the Théatre de l'Impératrice, in Paris, a short time since, one of the principal characters, having to draw his sword, and threaten to plunge it into the bosom of another, from the latter neglecting to draw back, or fall upon his knees, and before the former could command his weapon, the point inflicted a deadly wound, and the unfortunate man expired before he could be removed from the stage. The accident made so deep an impression on the survivor, that, after an illness of four days, during which he incessantly bewailed the deed, he died, bequeathing the greater part of his property to the family of him he had unintentionally slain.

There have been issued by the Bank between the 8th of February, 1810, and the 19th February, 1811, stamped dollars No. 1,970,274.

The Bank had advanced to government, on the 5th of January last, on malt duty, supply, and loan, in all 8,670,789*l.*

The whole amount of silver and gold, imported and deposited in the bullion office of the Bank, between the 30th March, 1810, and the 19th February, 1811, is---

| | |
|---|---|
| Silver . . . . | £896,000 |
| Gold . . . . | 174,500 |
| Total . | £1,070,500 |

Total estimate for the army this year, 15,316,925*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.*

An account of the value of corn and other grain, and flour, imported into Great-Britain (except from Ireland), from the year 1800 to the year 1810, both inclusive:---

| | Real value (at the average prices of the market.) |
|---|---|
| 1800 . . . . . | £ 8,755,995 |
| 1801 . . . . . | 10,149,098 |
| 1802 . . . . . | 2,155,794 |
| 1803 . . . . . | 1,164,592 |
| 1804 . . . . . | 1,855,333 |
| 1805 . . . . . | 3,754,831 |
| 1806 . . . . . | 1,106,540 |
| 1807 . . . . . | 1,878,521 |
| 1808 . . . . . | 336,460 |
| 1809 . . . . . | 2,705,496 |
| 1810 . . . . . | 7,077,865 |